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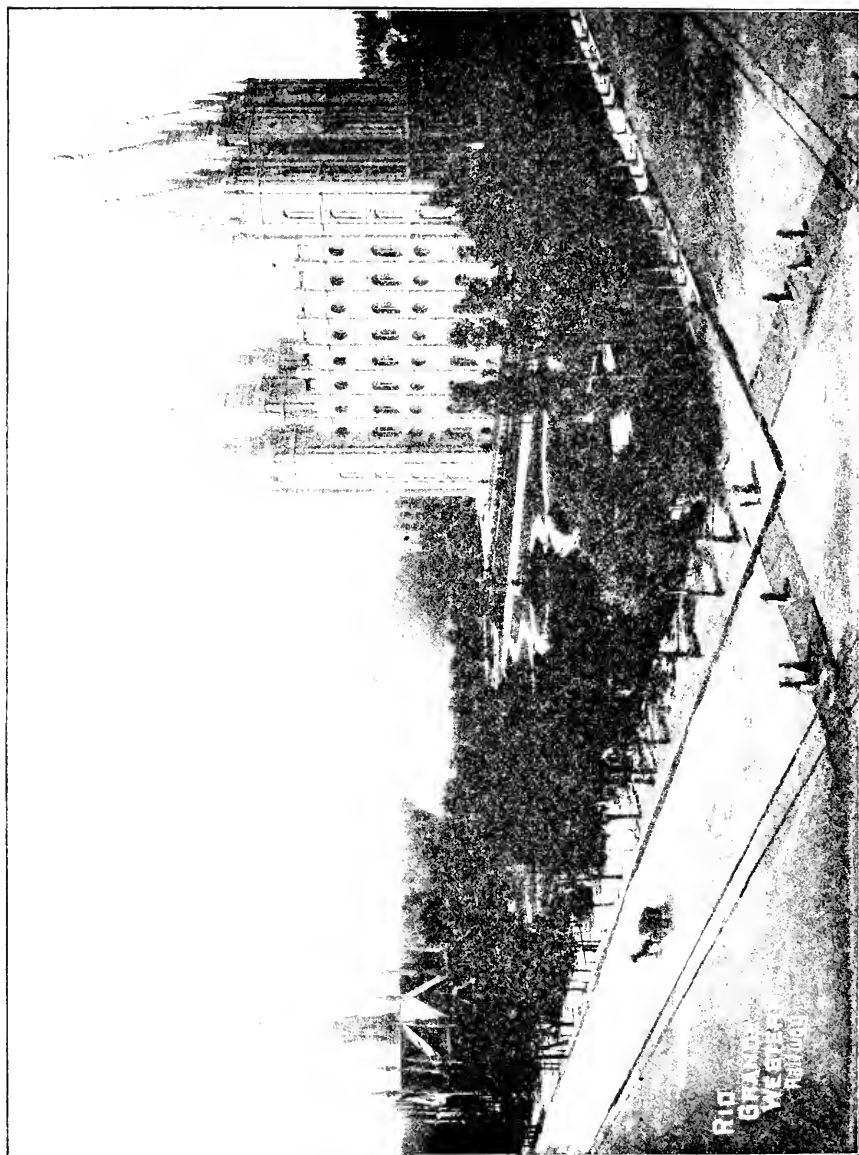
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7TH SEASON



ITINERARIES

GILLESPIE'S
POPULAR
TOURS



THE TEMPLE AND TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

7TH SEASON



Gillespie's Popular Tours

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED



Choice of Three Tours

.. for the ..

❁ Summer of 1899 ❁



TOUR No. 1.

The Pacific Coast and Yellowstone Park.

TOUR No. 2.

The Great Lakes, Georgian Bay, the Thousand Islands, the St. Lawrence,
and the Adirondacks.

TOUR No. 3.

Boston, the White Mountains, Old Orchard Beach,
and the Coast of Maine.



W. A. GILLESPIE

639-643 N. BROAD ST.

PHILADELPHIA

Introductory.

TO FRIENDS who have enjoyed other tours with me during the past seven years; to Teachers, especially, who desire to attend the Annual Convention of the National Educational Association, to be held at Los Angeles, July 11th-14th, and to their friends, the three tours, fully outlined on the following pages, are respectfully submitted.

Chief among them, of course, is Tour No. 1, to the Pacific Coast, returning via Portland, Oregon, and the Yellowstone National Park. The arrangements for this tour are unusually complete, and the rate named, which covers every necessary expense, phenomenally low.

It was my privilege to organize the great Pennsylvania Christian Endeavor Tour to the Pacific Coast, in connection with the Christian Endeavor Convention at San Francisco, in July, 1897. That was the largest excursion that ever crossed the continent; the party numbered 856, and traveled in a train of four sections, the second and third sections leaving Philadelphia two days later than the first and second.

In making arrangements for such a large party we were able to secure exceptionally favorable rates. We are glad to say that with but a very few exceptions we have secured the same favorable rates for the Tour of '99. It is for this reason that we are able to name such a low rate to cover every necessary expense. Remember, too, that the accommodations throughout are to be *strictly first-class*.

The Passenger Associations have named for the National Educational Convention, a railroad rate of one fare for the round trip, *i. e.*, \$81.25 from Philadelphia, with \$12.50 additional to return via Portland, making \$93.75 for total cost of round trip railroad ticket only from Philadelphia, returning via Portland and the Yellowstone National Park.

It is a little unfortunate that the Teachers' Convention should open as early as July 11th, for that necessitates the arrival of our party at Los Angeles on the evening of the 10th. In order to accomplish this, and at the same time do full justice to the many points of interest en route through the Rockies and across the Sierra Nevadas, we must of necessity leave Philadelphia on the evening of June 30th, notwithstanding the fact that our schools only close on that date. This itinerary will reach the hands of many who took the California Tour in '97; but we feel sure they will be at once interested in the July Tour of the Great Lakes, Thousand Islands, etc., and the August Tour of the White Mountains and the coast of Maine.

All the Tours are to be personally conducted, and every detail will be closely looked after, the chief aim being to study the comfort and pleasure of the Tourist.

Faithfully yours,

W. A. GILLESPIE.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 15th, 1899.

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TOUR No. 1.

To be Known as the Pacific Coast Tour.

THE JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA.

IT is a far cry. Many who have never made the journey look upon it as necessarily a long and tedious confinement in a commodious upholstered box. Others who have gone and returned repeatedly regard the overland passage as one replete with the interest of continual changes—changes that include climates, zones, and immense distances, full of pictures of the richness, variety, miraculous growth, and immense wealth of the most magnificent empire known to human history.

There is now a feeling that to an intelligent man or woman the transcontinental journey is necessary, even if there were no wonderful California at the end of it. Genius seizes upon it as something dramatic. Kipling's most striking chapter in the unique *Captains Courageous* is about the overland ride of a man and a woman from the Pacific coast to Chicago. It was a personal experience with the famous story-teller, and he made a chapter to put it in. Thousands of men and women are equal to Mr. Kipling, not in that ability to describe, which we call genius, but in the ability to see and understand and appreciate. The long overland journey is not a tedious task, but a privilege and a pleasure.

This long journey has periods and zones and natural divisions. Of these last there are at least three, each immensely different from the other two. Going west, the first division may be supposed to be that country lying between the commercial centre of the Mississippi Valley at Chicago and its western edge in the Rocky Mountains and Colorado. What this division includes cannot be put into words, but



Magnolia Ave., Riverside, So. Cal.

only into the colossal figures that tell in pounds and bushels and values of the steady stream that goes out thence to feed the world. The line that is the very nearest, quickest, and shortest across this gigantic garden, and that in the matter of days and



Redlands, So. Cal.

nights shows the least of any, crosses northern Illinois, southern Iowa, and central Nebraska. One could not see all that this belt represents in a journey of thousands of miles through and across it. But it represents in this railway trip across it the best

of the world's bread-basket, and the scene is so impressive that no intelligent European can once cross it and return home and assure his country of safety in a quarrel with such vast resources.

The second division of the journey may be assumed to include the mountain scenery of Colorado to Salt Lake City. The contrast between the first and this second division is startling. The abiding wonder is that railroads were ever built across these mountains at all. As it is they traverse with thousands of curves and steep grades and clings to mountain-sides and threadings of fissures; sometimes amid the clouds and sometimes in cañons whose walls rise hundreds of feet on each hand; scenery about which volumes have been written, but which no man has ever yet described.

And does the reader understand that that city of the Latter-Day Saints, that lies at the end of this assumed division, is one of the wonders of the world? It is not so much in what one sees there as in what that scene, that garden in the desert, represents. There never was a faith, not even that of Israel when it trailed itself behind the pillar of fire for forty years, that equaled the faith that first



A Street in Los Angeles.

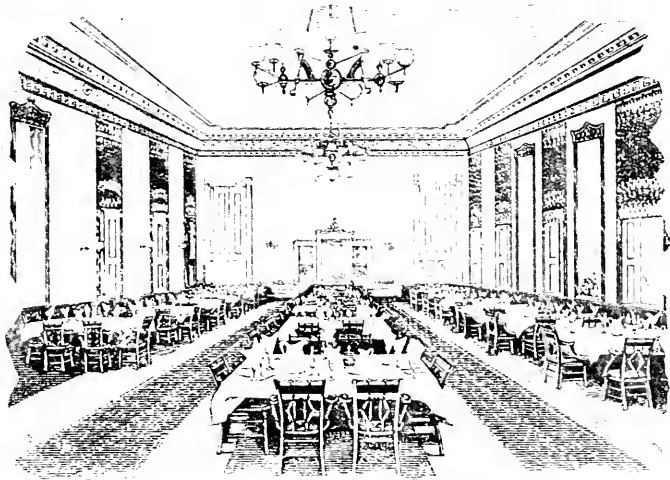
led these people to Salt Lake across such distance and such hopeless hardships. Here they are, the famous Mormons. One can see that it was a successful faith, if one will stop and study its results, yet it is one that to the world and to all other faiths is a mass of puerilities.

The third division is from Salt Lake westward. As far as to Truckee, where the train begins to climb amid those scenes of the Sierras, the impression is chiefly one of rock-ribbed vastness. It is true that the eye grows tired and the senses dull as the huge panorama glides past, yet it is an experience that takes its place at last amid the pleasant memories, and may be over and over repeated. There be those hardy men of whom, in hours of stress, this republic need never despair, who do not speak of this as a desert. Be that as it may, the traveler to California is in it but not of it. He glides over it and it is gone.

And then, with the climbing of the Sierras, comes California, glimpses of which, and only glimpses, appear in the following pages.

Outlining, to some extent, the Tour in detail, the party will leave Philadelphia Friday evening, June 30th, 1899, from the Reading Terminal (Twelfth and Market Streets), via the Philadelphia & Reading and Lehigh Valley Route to Chicago, arriving Saturday evening, July 1st. Throughout the tour, no Sunday traveling will be required. Sunday, July 2d, will be spent in Chicago, with the Victoria Hotel, one of Chicago's finest, for headquarters. At midnight, Sunday, July 2d, the party leave Chicago for Denver, Colorado, that part of the journey consuming all of Monday and Monday night, crossing the great agricultural States of Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, arriving at Denver, the capitol of Colorado, and the metropolis of the middle West, on Tuesday morning, July 4th.

We could scarcely ask to celebrate the Nation's birthday in a more beautiful city. Historically, in 1858, the Pike's Peak gold excitement caused a rush from the East to Colorado, and a camp was pitched at the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte, which, shortly after, was christened Auraria. From this



Dining-room—Windsor Hotel, Denver.

small beginning sprang Denver, the "Queen City of the Plains." Beautiful for situation, with the great range of the Rocky Mountains towering in the west, and the illimitable

plains stretching to the Missouri River on the east, Denver is worthy of the attention and admiration of all who behold it. It is one of the greatest railroad points in the West; twelve railroads centering here, radiating to all parts of the United States, thus giving Denver almost unsurpassed facilities for transcontinental traffic.

Here we are to spend the day—and a delightful day we are sure it will prove to be. Our headquarters will be at the Windsor Hotel, one of the best hotels in the city, and only a short walk from the Union Station. During the day the party will take its first side trip through the beautiful Clear Creek Cañon via the Denver & Gulf Railway. This is the celebrated "Loop" Trip. The first peep into the cañons of the Rockies. There is nothing like Clear Creek Cañon in America. It is not exaggeration to say that, for wild, rugged scenery, Nature in her most majestic mood failed to provide its equal, and it cannot be described. As the iron horse laboriously climbs the steep grade, often overhead there is but a haunting hand's-breadth of gleaming sky; the grim walls, close enough to touch at times as you flit by; the fantastic shapes carved upon the mountain, bold profiles and fairy castles; the tranquil summerland into which you occasionally dash, when the cañon widens into a few brief acres, green, shady, inviting; a passing glimpse of a dazzling snow-summit, far away in the upper ether—these, and more, one may recall, and still there remains an indefinable

sense of something elusive that you have not held fast and cannot describe. It is the spirit of beauty, the power of pure, ennobling scenery, which cannot be taken away from its home or ever reproduced in words.

After a thrilling ride of something over two hours, we approach the beautiful little mountain village of Georgetown, perched above which is the famous "Loop," that wonderful piece of engineering skill now world-famous.

Passing above West Clear Creek, with just a glimpse of the picturesque bridge that spans Devil's Gate, the road runs under the great viaduct, and rises and rises until you have left the city hundreds of feet below and to the north; but, with a sudden turn, it is again seen, with the train this time rushing toward the city and still climbing; again a turn to the east; now down ninety feet below is the track just passed; away again on the farther side of the mountain, again crossing to the west side; suddenly turning to the east until the "Big Fill," 76 feet high—too sharp a



Hanging Rock on the "Loop" Trip.

curve for a bridge—has given another circle to the track; then, with a turn to the west, around the slope of McClellan Mountain, still another view of Georgetown, with all the tracks in view, each seeming to have no relation to its neighbor, until another valley in the mountains discloses the pretty village of Silver Plume, the close ally and best friend of Georgetown. But the "Loop" is a railway on a "bender"—it is the

apotheosis of gyration, the supreme luxury of entanglement—yet all wisely, clearly, skilfully planned—a wondrous monument of human genius and engineering skill.



The World-famous "Loop."

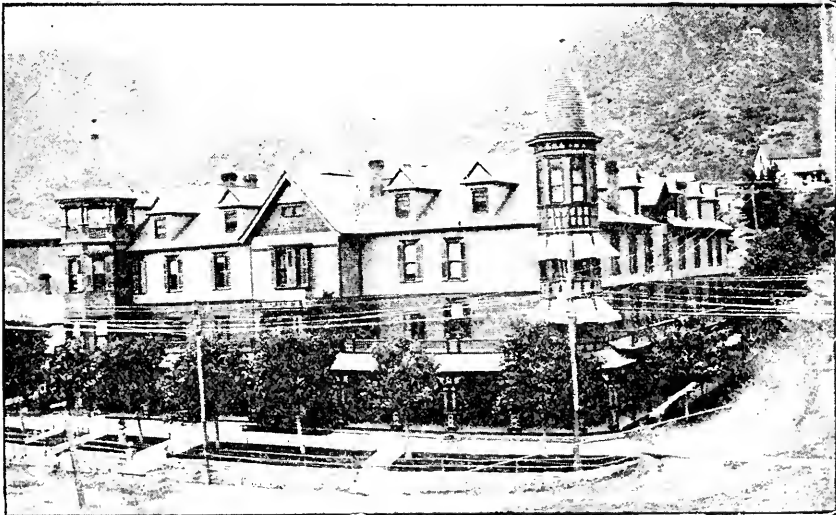
After crossing the Loop it is only a short run to Silver Plume, the end of our journey. We remain at Silver Plume a short time and then retrace our steps, returning to Denver, where the remainder of the day and the evening hours will be spent.

At midnight, our Pullmans move out of Union Station, over the tracks of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway, and when we awaken in the morning we find

ourselves at Manitou Springs, Colorado, under the shadow of Pike's Peak, and on the threshold of the Garden of the Gods.

Here the party remains for the greater part of the day, the time being divided between the ascent of Pike's Peak and the carriage ride through the Garden of the Gods. Both trips are included in the Tour. There will be ample time, also, for a visit to Colorado Springs, only five miles distant, and reached by trolley.

As to Manitou Springs itself, the dominating impression is a winding village avenue paved in red, walled with artistically constructed cottages and hotels and



The Barker House, Manitou.

business houses, built of mountain stone or mountain pine, decorated with parks and bubbling springs and restful canopy pavilions free to all, with a brawling mountain brook always making melody beside one wherever he walks. Bounding all this on every side a barricade of stupendous mountains, chasmed with rugged and picturesque cañons opening at either side when least expected, and the whole having for its background the immensity of Pike's Peak.

Cover all these mountain walls with a confusion of color from variegated rocks and the green of pines, every slope a broken and rugged wilderness of fragmentary, stony disorder, fill the valley with the purest, sweetest air under heaven, untainted by any uncleanness, and this is Manitou.

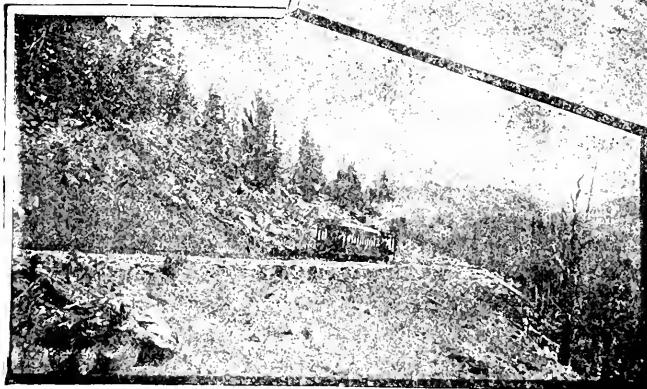
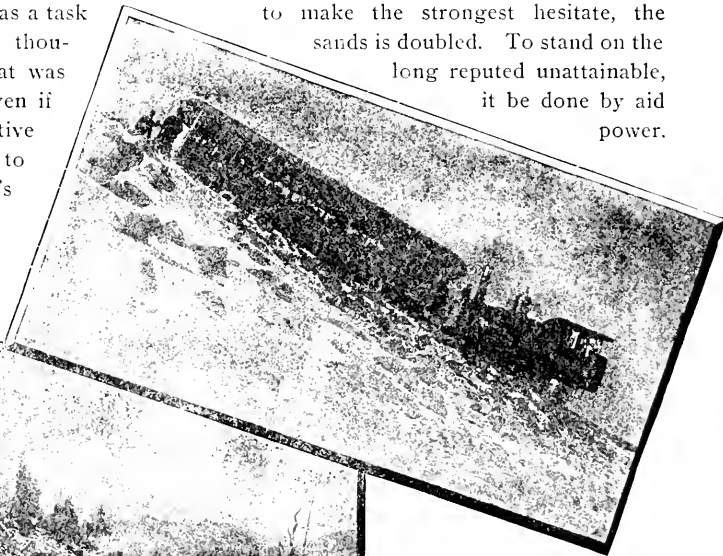
Our headquarters at Manitou will be the Barker House, one of the celebrated resort hotels of the city.

PIKE'S PEAK.

Pike's Peak recurs to mind the instant a query is made as to Manitou's most famous natural scenery. And now that its ascent is made a matter of no labor whatever, where once it was a task attractive power for thousand-summit of a peak that was is an achievement, even if of an external motive

to make the strongest hesitate, the
sands is doubled. To stand on the
long reputed unattainable,
it be done by aid
power.

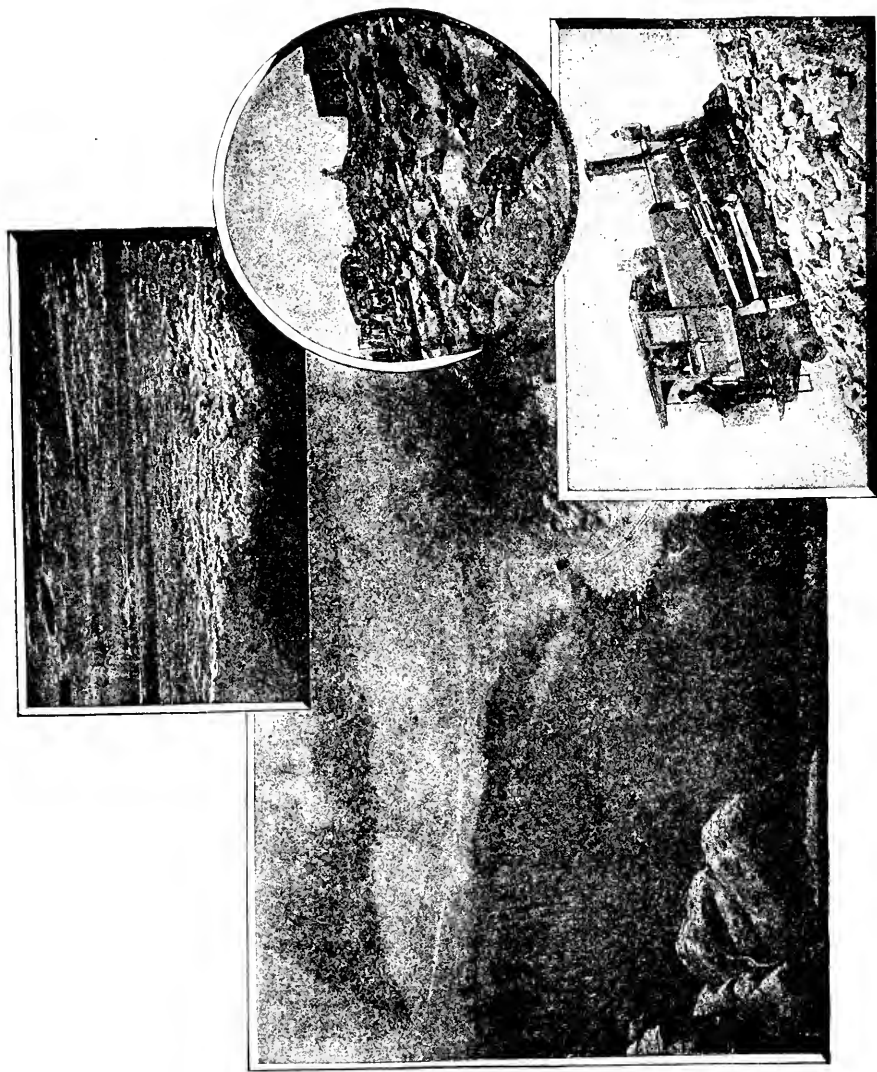
From Manitou to the very apex of Pike's Peak extends a railway, traversed daily in the summer sea-



Making the Ascent of Pike's Peak.

son by cars and locomotives, and carrying hundreds of tourists to this amazing point of vantage. It is one of the remarkable pieces of railway construction of the world.

The Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway was completed in June, 1891, at a cost of more than \$1,000,000. It is the longest and highest cog-road in the world. It



MAKING THE ASCENT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

reaches, at the summit, the immense height of 14,334 feet, and in its course of nine and one-half miles it climbs grades up to twenty-five per cent. without jar or difficulty.

The workmanship of the line is of the safest and staunchest sort, and no pains or expenses were spared to guarantee absence of all danger. The track is tied at short distances to cross sections of masonry, sunk in the side of the mountain, so that a slide is absolutely impossible. The maximum curvature is but 16 degrees; there is not a foot of trestlework in the whole line, and the three short bridges are of solid iron construction.

The greatest ascent per mile is 1,320 feet. The climbing is done by means of two cog-rails placed in the middle of the track, in which engage corresponding cog-wheels of the locomotive. Safety is assured by all sorts of appliances used for such purpose, and no accident has ever occurred.

The cars, which are built on a slant so that the seats are always level, are pushed by the engine and are not coupled together, so that, by the use of independent safety brakes, absolute security from danger is guaranteed.



On the Ragged Edge.

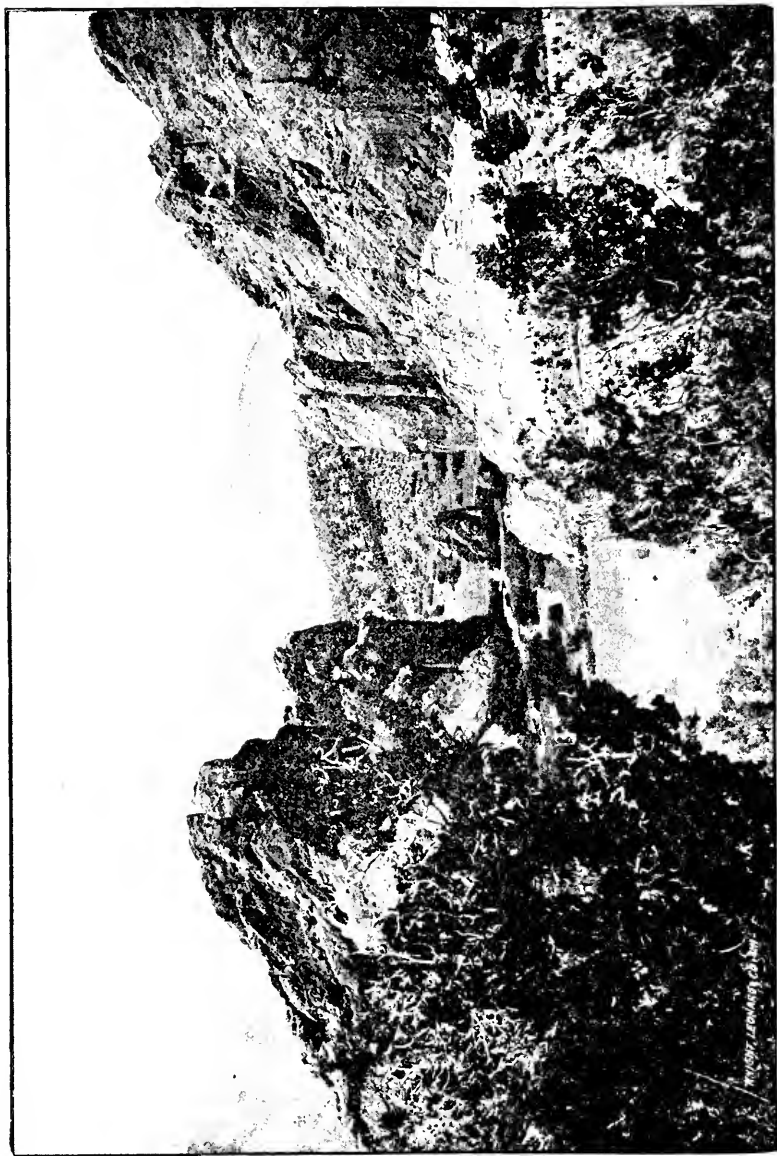
It would be fruitless to attempt to convey to the mind of one who has not seen them the qualities of enormous size and impressive grandeur, mingled in the beginning with picturesque beauty, that go to make up the delights of a ride to the summit of Pike's Peak.

The road starts in Engleman's Cañon, near the Iron Spring, and climbs up the gulch for some distance at the side of Ruxton Creek. Several picturesque cañons branch from the main gulch as the road ascends, all worthy of rambles in turn.

As one passes cañon after cañon and reaches the various places which have been associated with names, every turn of the wheels seems to open before him some new pleasure of sight. Through openings among the trees and rocks he may see familiar objects far away, dwarfed by distance and depth.

Soon after the train leaves the Half-Way House, Timber Line Station is reached, and then the famous Windy Point, whence the view is particularly magnificent. After this the rest of the journey is along the extreme grade of the road—twenty-five per cent. The great precipice of "The Crater" is passed, and the summit of Pike's Peak is attained.

From the peak the view is indescribably grand. The extent of territory surveyed is enormous. Many familiar cities and resorts can be seen. The immense solitude, the profound silence, the evidences of nature's stupendous strength, the clouds and storms below are almost overwhelming.



GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

This "gateway" is one of the most striking bits of scenery in the whole range of the Rocky Mountains. This "beautiful gateway" consists of two enormous masses of red sandstone, and between them a smaller rocky mass, dividing the entrance into two passages. The right-hand rock has a curious resemblance to a huge kneeling camel. Behind the rocks a magnificent mountain panorama presents itself, and immediately through the gate Pike's Peak is seen, rising in indescribable grandeur. To a great extent the charm of this matchless scene is due to the numerous contrasts of color and outline which it presents on a most lavish scale.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

Few tracts of equal area have been so much written about, so much exploited and described in print as the peculiar place known at the Garden of the Gods. Who named it thus is a disputed point, but at any rate it was a happy conceit, if we may believe in grotesquerie as one of the objects of gardening among the gods of mythology.



Major Domo, in the Garden of the Gods.

Three miles from Manitou, driving by either one of two beautiful carriage roads, the tourist finds an immense sandstone boulder at the left of the road, standing on a base so small that it would seem a push from a sturdy shoulder might topple it over. This is Balanced Rock, the southwest entrance to the peculiar garden.

From this point the road winds down into a valley of several hundred acres, to find an exit again at the northeast, between portals famous in illustration the world over as the Gateway of the Garden.

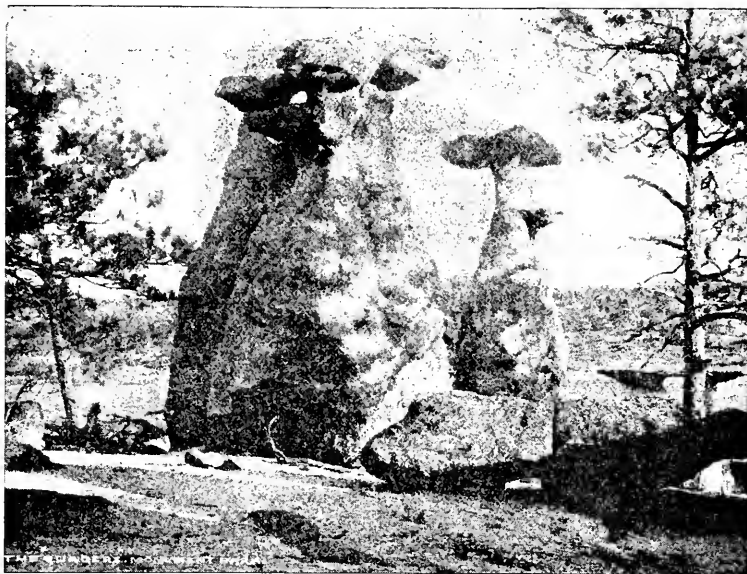
Two enormous red sandstone rocks rise from the plain almost vertically, to a height of more than 300 feet. They are so thin, measured by their height and length, that they seem almost like slabs of stone set up by giant hands to form this gateway.

Between these two entrances, that of the Balanced Rock and the Gateway, the valley is dotted at intervals with most peculiar and grotesque rock formations, rising from the level plain in figures promptly suggestive of things we have seen in life. Carved in the stone by nature's active elements, the statues and figures stand for the interest and admiration of all who pass. Frost, wind, rain, sun, all have shared the labor, and it is still continuing, so that future generations will see new forms yet covered in the solid blocks of stone. All sorts of animals and men and things are detected in the stone by the ingenious one, some very obvious, others needing a vivid imagination or a strained vision; but no one can deny the picturesque novelty of the formations. Of them all, however, the Gateway and the Cathedral Spires are the most notable. The latter are formed by a splintered slab second only in size to those of the Gateway and also second only in interest to them.

Glen Eyrie, the residence of a gentleman who kindly permits strangers to drive through his unique grounds, terminates in Queen's Cañon, and contains some remarkable features of this sort, crags, and precipices of amazing shapes, and, foremost of all, "Major Domo," a monolith whose form is ever remembered when once seen.

Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods are only two of the many attractions at Manitou Springs, so that the day will be most delightfully spent.

Leaving Manitou Springs the train moves on toward Pueblo, Colorado. Shortly



The Quakers, Garden of the Gods.

after leaving Pueblo, we approach Cañon City, situated at the very mouth of the Royal Gorge of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas.

THE ROYAL GORGE.

The crowning wonder of this wonderful Denver & Rio Grande Railroad is the Royal Gorge. Situated between Cañon City and Salida, it is easy of access either from Denver or Pueblo. After the entrance of the cañon has been made, surprise and almost terror comes. The train rolls around a long curve close under a wall of black and banded granite, beside which the ponderous locomotive shrinks to a mere dot, as if swinging on some pivot in the heart of the mountain or captured by a centripetal force that would never resign its grasp. Almost a whole circle is accomplished, and the grand amphitheatrical sweep of the wall shows no break in its smooth and zenith-cutting façade. Will the journey end here? Is it a mistake that the crevice goes through the range? Does not all this mad water gush from some powerful spring, or boil out of a subterranean channel, impenetrable to us? No, it opens. Resisting centripetal, centrifugal force claims the train, and it breaks away at a tangent past the edge or round the corner of the great black wall which compelled its detour and that of the river before it. Now what glories of rock-piling confront the wide-distended eye. How those sharp-edged cliffs, standing with upright heads that play at hand-ball with the clouds, alternate with one another, so that first the right, then the left, then the right one beyond strike our view, each one half obscured by its fellow in front, each showing itself level-browed with its com-



THE ROYAL GORGE.

rades as we come even with it, each a score of hundreds of dizzy feet in height, rising perpendicular from the water and the track, splintered atop into airy pinnacles, braced behind against the almost continental mass through which the chasm has been cleft. This is the Royal Gorge!

When first examined it seemed impossible that a railway could ever be constructed through this stupendous cañon to Leadville and the West. There was scarcely room for the river alone, and granite ledges blocked the path with their mighty bulk. In time, however, these obstructions were blasted away, a road-bed, closely following the contour of the cliffs, was made, and to-day the cañon is a well-used thoroughfare. But its grandeur still remains. After entering its depths, the train moves slowly along the side of the Arkansas and around projecting shoulders of dark-hued granite, deeper and deeper into the heart of the range. The crested crags grow higher, the river madly foams along its rocky bed, anon the way becomes a mere fissure through the heights. Far above the road the sky forms a deep blue arch of light; but in the Gorge hang dark and sombre shades which the sun's rays have never penetrated. The place is a measureless gulf of air with solid walls on either side. Here the granite cliffs are one thousand feet high, smooth and unbroken by tree or shrub, and there a pinnacle soars skyward for thrice that distance. No flowers grow, and the birds care not to penetrate the solitudes. The river, sombre and swift, breaks the awful stillness with its roar. Soon the cleft becomes still more narrow, the treeless cliffs higher, the river closer confined, and, where a long iron bridge hangs suspended from the smooth walls, the grandest portion of the cañon is reached. Man becomes dwarfed and dumb in the sublime scene, and Nature exhibits the power she possesses. The crags menacingly rear their heads above the daring intruders, and the place is like the entrance to some infernal region.

Escaping from the Gorge we soon arrive at Salida, Colorado. At Salida we are to leave our Pullmans for a slight break in our journey over a Narrow Gauge line to the summit of Marshall Pass and return,—another three hours' ride of thrilling interest.

AMONG THE CLOUDS.

Leaving Salida, the Narrow Gauge line takes us through Poncha Pass, whose lesser glories lead up to the grand surprises of Marshall Pass, as an introductory symphony leads up to the triumphant music of a majestic march, the traveler makes his advent. Gradually the view becomes less obstructed by mountain sides, and the eye roams over miles of cone-shaped summits. The timberless tops of towering ranges show him that he is among the heights and in a region familiar with the clouds. Then he beholds, stretching away to the left, the most perfect of all the Sierras. The sunlight falls with a white transfiguring radiance upon the snow-crowned spires of the Sangre de Cristo Range. Their sharp and dazzling pyramids, which, near at hand, are clearly defined, extend to the southward until cloud and sky and snowy peak commingle and form a vague and bewildering vision. To the right towers the fire-scarred front of old Ouray, gloomy and grand, solitary and forbidding. Ouray holds the pass, standing sentinel at the rocky gateway to the fertile Gunnison.

Slowly the steeps are conquered, until at last the train halts upon the summit of Marshall Pass. The awful silence of the storm-tossed granite ocean lies beneath. The traveler looks down upon four lines of road, terrace beyond terrace, the last so far below as to be quite indistinct to view. These are only loops of the almost spiral pathway of descent. Wonder at the triumphs of engineering skill is strangely mingled with feelings of awe and admiration at the stupendous grandeur of the scene. The party will have an opportunity to ascend to the observatory constructed above the station, which elevation commands a view of both Atlantic and Pacific Slopes. One of, if not quite, the most awe-inspiring views on the continent.

Retracing our steps we are soon again at Salida, and in our Pullmans moving on toward Leadville; after Leadville comes the Cañon of the Grande River.

Through an Arcadian valley the approach to Fremont Pass is made. A famous pass, with the historic name of him who has been called the Pathfinder, although a later day has witnessed greater achievements than his among the Rocky Mountains. A journey here deserves the title of a pilgrimage, for from the summit of this pass the traveler can discern the Mount of the Holy Cross. The scene is one replete with vivid interest. Fainter and fainter grow the lines of objects in the valley, until at last the clouds envelop the train, and at the next moment the observer looks down upon a rolling mass of vapor through which the light strikes in many colored beams. The sublimity of the scene forbids all thoughts other than those of reverence and rapture. The railway crosses the pass at an altitude of 11,540 feet—higher than any iron trail yet established in North America or the Old World.

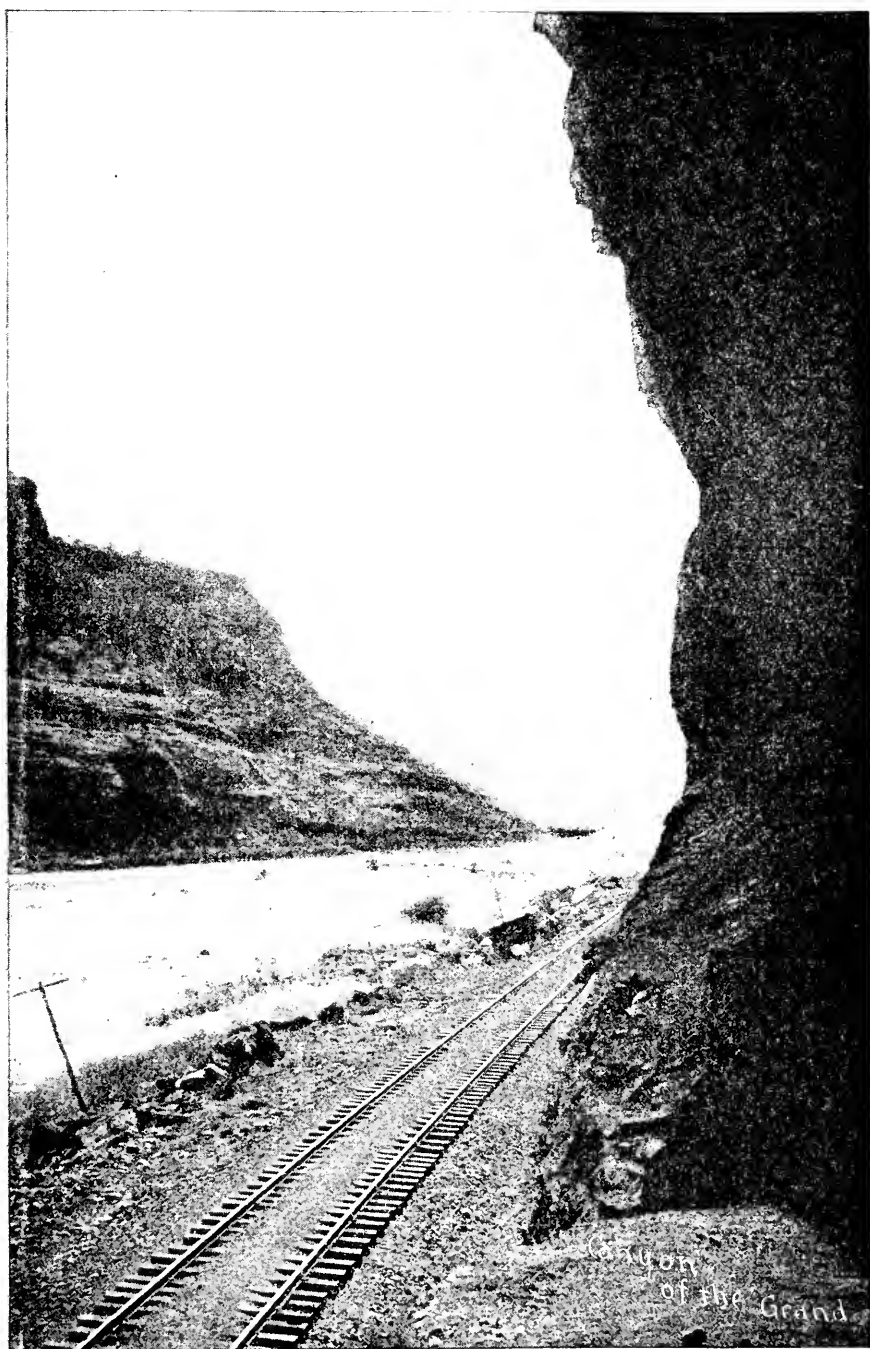
MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

From the crest of Fremont Pass can be seen the Mount of the Holy Cross. It is a summit that would attract the eye anywhere, its foot hidden in verdurous hills, guarded by knightly crags half-buried in seething clouds, its helmet vertical, frowning, plumed with gleaming snow,

“Aye, every inch a king.”

The snow-white emblem of the Christian faith gleams with bright splendor against an azure sky. The cross is formed by two transverse cañons of immense depth, riven down and across the summit of the mountain. In these cañons lie eternal snow. The symbol is perfect in shape, and while gazing with wonder and awe upon this “sign set in the heavens,” the adventurous wayfarer at last realizes that he has reached that height “around whose summit splendid visions rise” and those thrilling lines of Keats come involuntarily to his lips:

“Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien.”



Shining grandly out of the pure ether and above all turbulence of earthly strife, it seems to say: "Humble thyself, O man! Uncover thy head, forget not that as high as gleams the splendor of this ever-living cross above thy gilded spires, so are the thoughts of its Creator above thy thoughts, His ways above thy ways." And then comes the Cañon of the Grande.

THE CAÑON OF THE GRANDE.

The Cañon of the Grande River is approached through the valley of the Eagle. Gradually the valley narrows, high bluffs hem us in on the left, the river is close to the track on the right, and its fertile banks suddenly change into a tumbled, twisted, black, and blasted expanse of scoria. The few trees on the hither side of the stream are also black, an inheritance of fire, the waters under the black banks and reflecting the blackened trees, take on a swarthy hue—a stygian picture! Just beyond, a distance glimpse of fertile country, and the clear waters of the Eagle are lost in the muddy current of the Grande, and a cañon greater in extent and more varied in character than that of the Arkansas opens before us.

Vast bastions of granite, strata on strata, rise to a stupendous height, braced against rock masses behind them infinitely vaster. Suggestions of the Sphinx and of the pyramids can be caught in the severe and gigantic rock-piled structure on every hand. These are not made up of boulders, nor are they solid monoliths, like those in the Royal Gorge. On the contrary, they are columns, bastions, buttresses, walls, pyramids, towers, turrets, even statues of stratified stone, with sharp cleavage, not in the least weather-worn, presenting the appearance of Brobdignagian masonry, hence I use the phrase, "rock-piled structures," advisedly and as best descriptive of what there exists.

Whirling around a headland of glowing red rock, which it seems ought to be called "Flamingo Point," we are in a region of ruddy color and of graceful forms. Minarets, from whose summits the muezin's call might readily be imagined falling upon the ear of the dwellers in this "Orient in the West," spires more graceful than that of Bruges, more lofty than that of Trinity, towers more marvelous than Pisa's leaning wonder, columns more curious than that of Vendome, splintered and airy pinnacles, infinite in variety, innumerable! inimitable! indescribable!

In a moment darkness and the increased rumble of wheels—then light and another marvelous view. We have passed tunnel No. 1, the portcullis; darkness again for a moment, then the blue sky above us. We have entered through the postern gate; darkness for the third time, absolute, unmitigated blackness of darkness—this must be "the deepest dungeon 'neath the castle mote"—but soon again we see the blessed light, and there before us lies Glenwood Springs.

[*From the Philadelphia Inquirer, October 14th, 1894.*—"IN THE ALPS OF AMERICA."]

"Glenwood Springs is somewhat of an eye-opener to the man with old-fashioned ideas about the wild and woolly West. It is a smart town, with electric lights, etc., and is entirely up to date. The town is famous for its springs, of which there are

many of every kind and temperature. But the imposing feature is the Hotel Colorado. It is not particularly flattering to a Philadelphian to find after a 2,500-



Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs, Col.

mile journey a hotel which is so far ahead of anything in his own city that he feels called upon to blush.*

"The hotel is built in Mexican style of architecture, and rests at the foot of a mountain. In front is a large park filled with fountains, on all sides are the springs, and near at hand the swimming pool, which is one of the most marvelous things in America. The hotel is built of peach-blow colored stone and Roman brick. It is furnished lavishly, but in excellent taste. Everything that can be thought of is provided for the comfort of the guests. You sleep in the softest of beds, in the most elegant apartments. You eat of the fat of the land, cooked till it melts in your mouth, and served by dainty New England maids in spotless caps and aprons. You sit on the porch and loaf; you bathe in the pool, and swim to your heart's content; you eat again, loaf again, dine, and sit on the piazza at night with a panorama before you worth a journey to Mars. The fountains shoot up hundreds of feet, and electric lights throw various colors on them, while an orchestra plays sweet music. It is like fairyland. You feel like driving a stake and never leaving.

"I have been in many lands, but never reached a more delightful spot. There are a great many springs of various properties, and varying in temperature from 40 degrees to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. The bathing pool is 600 feet long, 110 feet wide, and from three and one-half to six and one-half feet deep. It is fed from a hot spring, which discharges 2,500,000 gallons daily at a temperature of 124 degrees. The mineral quality of the water is excellent for gout, rheumatism, and kindred diseases. I know of no place in the world where enterprise has done so much.

"But the most novel attraction is the vapor cave. Here one steps from his dressing-room into the very side of the mountain, into an atmosphere heavy with the hot,

* The reader will notice that this was written in 1894, before the Hotel Walton was built.

sulphurous vapors of the waters that flow beneath, and the result is a profuse perspiration, which is supposed to carry away with it those poisons with which the system has become freighted. The effect of both kinds of baths is tonic, and one comes forth feeling like a Rocky Mountain antelope. I know of no place in this country



The Swimming Pool, Glenwood Springs, Col.

to equal Glenwood Springs for delights, and I predict that it will shortly become one of the great resorts for health and pleasure."—*Rev. Frederick Campbell.*

The party will remain at Glenwood Springs for several hours, and it will certainly prove to be one of the most delightful "rest" places of the entire Tour. Of course we will dine at the palatial Hotel Colorado.

Leaving Glenwood Springs we press on toward Salt Lake City.

SCENERY EN ROUTE TO SALT LAKE CITY.

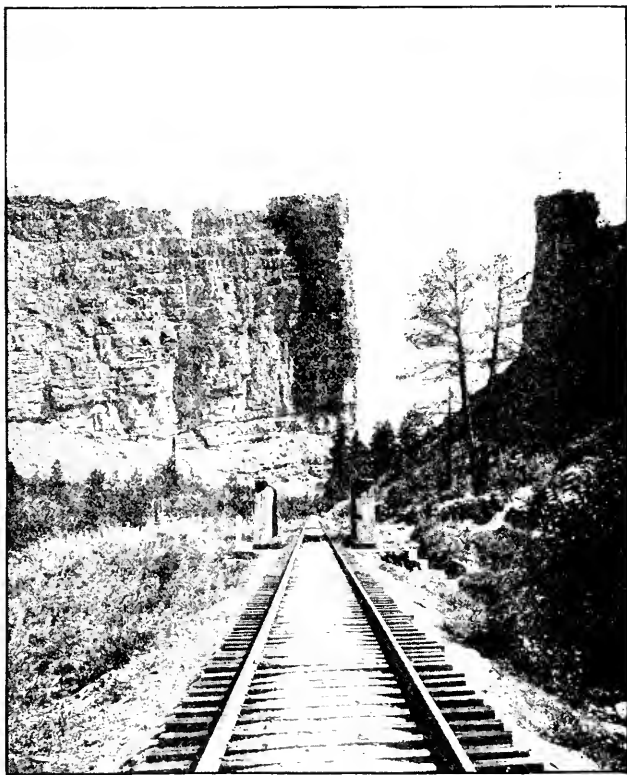
The space of over one hundred miles intervening between the Grande and Green Rivers resembles a billowy desert, and is especially interested for its wild and peculiar characteristics. Close by, on the north, are the richly-colored Book Cliffs, while away to the southward the snowy groups of the Sierra la Sal and San Rafael glisten in the distance. Between them may be distinguished the broken walls which mark the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, scarcely fifty miles away. Beyond Green River

and Castle Valley commences the steep ascent of the Wasatch Mountains, and the beautiful in Nature again appears.

Near the Azure Cliffs, so called from the color of the clay, the Green and Grand Rivers join to form the sublime Colorado, which empties into the Gulf of California. Beyond is Castle Cañon, at the entrance to which stand two towering sandstone shafts which rise to the height of 500 feet, looking like monstrous castles, with battlements, bastions, and turrets guarding the way, and just wide enough apart for the train to pass between. The cañon which follows is another of sublime beauty. Great walls and dome-appearing rocks lift on either side in appalling grandeur, and the tourist is deeply impressed with the sublimity of the scene. After a few miles through this grand gorge the train plunges into the heart of the Wasatch Mountains, and then emerges into the beautiful and fertile valley of Utah, in the centre of which lies a long, blue sheet of water, Utah Lake.

Guarding the way to Price River Cañon.

through which the railroad runs into the very heart of the range, stands Castle Gate, similar in many respects to the gateway in the Garden of the Gods. The two huge pillars, or ledges of rock composing it, are offshoots of the cliffs behind. They are of different heights, one measuring 500 and the other 450 feet from the top to the base. Once past the gate, and looking back, the bold headlands forming it have a new and more attractive beauty. They are higher and more massive, it seems, than when we were in the shadow. Huge rocks project far out from their perpendicular faces. No other pinnacles approach them in size and majesty. They are landmarks



Castle Gate, Utah.

up and down the cañon, their lofty tops catching the eye before their bases are discovered.

Soldier Summit is the next striking feature on the route to Salt Lake; then come in quick succession the Red Narrows and Spanish Fork Cañon. These are all characterized by beauty and grandeur; they are full of charming contrasts, soft contours, and whispering waters.

Utah Valley resembles, in its Arcadian loveliness, the vales of Scotland, and is a mountain-girdled, well-cultivated park.

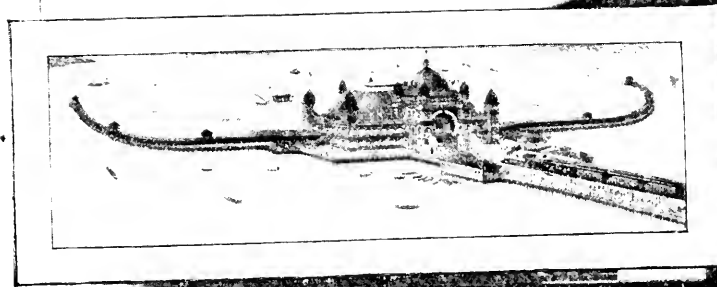
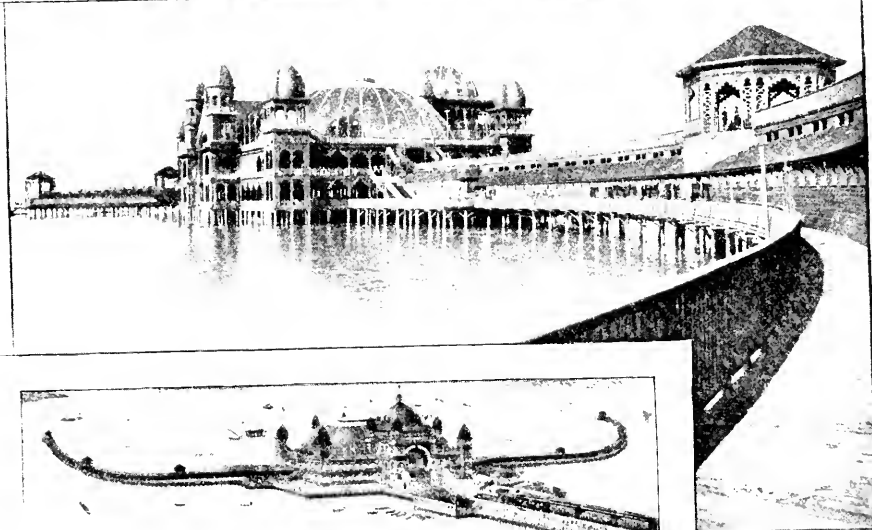
Utah Lake lies in the centre of the valley of the same name. It is a picturesque sheet of clear, fresh, water, to the north of which lie the Mormon towns of Provo and Springville. The scene is an entrancing one. Eastward the oblong basin is shut in by the Wasatch Mountains, and on the west is the Oquirrh Range. Northward are low hills, or mesas, crossing the valley and separating it from that of the Great Salt Lake, while in the south the east and west ranges approach each other and form blue-tinted walls of uneven shape. To the left of this barrier, Mount Nebo, highest and grandest of the Utah peaks, rises majestically above all surroundings. Its summit sparkles with snow, its lower slopes are wooded and soft, while from it, and extending north and south, run vast, broken, vari-colored confrères. The valley is like a well-kept garden; farm joins farm; crystal streams water it, and scattered about in rich profusion are long lines of fruit trees, amid which are trim white houses. Salt Lake City is visible, and beyond slumber the waters of the Great Salt Lake.

At Salt Lake City the party will remain for a full day, giving ample time for visiting the places of interest about the city, also for a run out to Soltaire Beach, on Great Salt Lake,—included in the Tour.

Salt Lake City, the interesting city by the great salt sea, is a veritable garden. Low and picturesque adobe houses harmonize in their cool, quiet tones with the extensive orchards of fruit and gardens of flowers which surround them. Back upon a "bench," and several hundred feet above the city, is Fort Douglas, the flag of the Republic standing out in bright relief against the Wasatch. The Oquirrh Mountains shut in the valley to the west, the Great Salt Lake, 20 miles away, glimmering in the sunlight like a stream of silver. The great object of interest to the tourist and stranger is Temple Square; here are situated the great ecclesiastical buildings of the Mormon Church.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

The most wonderful feature of this wonderful Tour, the mightiest marvel of all-marvelous Utah, an ocean of majestic mystery clad in beauty divine, is Great Salt Lake, the American Dead Sea. Among all earth's weird wonders in water it has but one rival or peer—the miracle-made sea whose waves of doom and oblivion roll over Sedom and Gomorrah. Think of a lake from 2,500 to 3,000 miles in area, lying a thousand miles inland, at an altitude of 4,250 feet above the sea level, whose waters are six times as salt as those of the ocean; and, while it has no outlet, four large rivers pouring their ceaseless floods of fresh water into it without raising its mysterious surface a fraction of an inch, or ever diminishing, so far as chemical analysis can de-



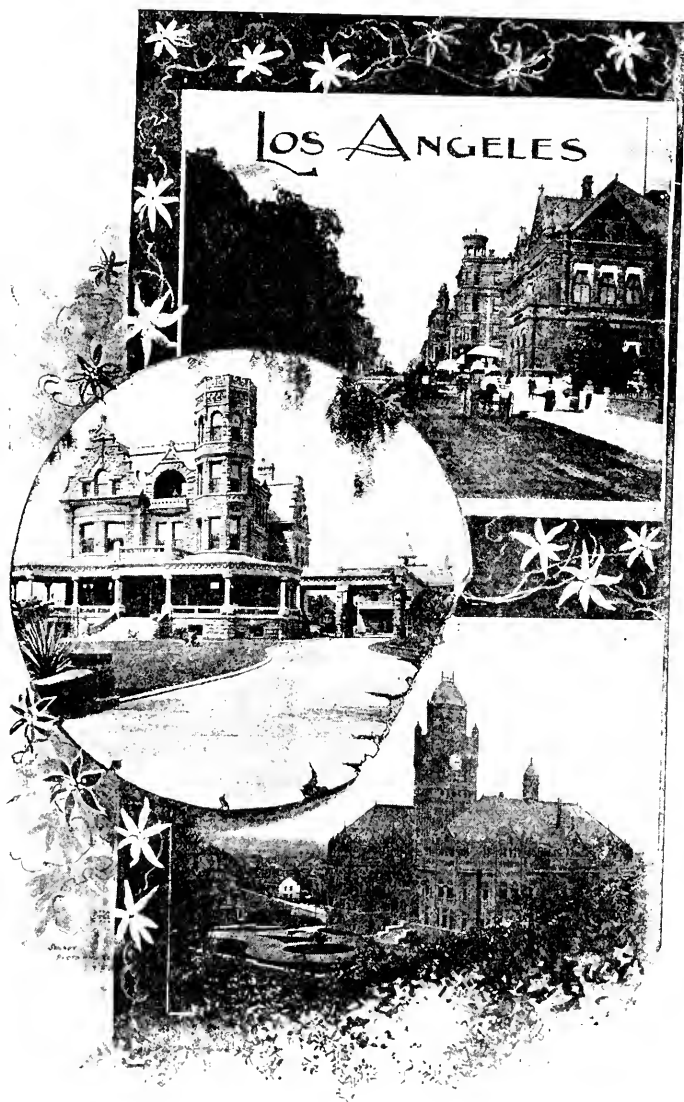
AT GREAT SALT LAKE.

termine, its indescribable saltiness. Where does all the water go? Where does all the salt, that no streams can freshen, come from? Where are the vast saline magazines from which it draws its everlasting supplies? One may stand upon its shores

and ask a thousand such questions, but no answer comes from its mysterious depths, in which nothing lives but death and silence.

It may seem preposterous to talk of the finest sea bathing on earth a thousand miles from the ocean; but truth is no less truth because it appears absurd. The sea bathing in Great Salt Lake infinitely surpasses anything of the kind on either the Atlantic or Pacific Coasts. It is a prompt and potent tonic and invigorant of body and mind, and then there is no end of fun in getting acquainted with its peculiarities. A first bath in it is always as good as a circus, the bather being his or her own amusing trick mule. The specific gravity is but a trifle less than that of the Holy Land Dead Sea, the actual figures with distilled water as unity being, for the ocean 1.027, for Salt Lake, 1.107, and for the Dead Sea, 1.116. The human body will not and cannot sink in it. You can walk out in it where it is fifty feet deep, and your body will stick up out of it like a fishing cork from the shoulders upward. You can sit down in it perfectly secure where it is fathoms deep.

Men lie on top of it with their arms crossed under their heads and smoke their cigars. Its buoyancy is indescribable and unimaginable. Any one can float upon it at the first



trial; there is nothing to do but lie down gently upon it—and float. But swimming is an entirely different matter. The moment you begin to “paddle your own canoe” lively and—to the lookers-on—mirth-provoking exercises ensue. When you stick your hands under to make a stroke your feet decline to stay anywhere but on top; and when, after an exciting tussle with your refractory pedal extremities, you again get them beneath the surface, your hands fly out with the splash and splutter of a half-dozen flutter wheels. If, on account of your brains being heavier than your heels, you chance to turn a somerset and your head goes under, your heels will pop up like a pair of frisky didapper ducks. You cannot keep more than one end of yourself under water at once, but you soon learn how to wrestle with its novelties, and then it becomes “a thing of beauty” and a joy for any summer day. In the sense of luxurious ease, with which it envelops the bather, it is unrivaled on earth. The water is as clear as crystal, with a bottom of snow-white sand, and small objects can be distinctly seen at a depth of 20 feet. There is not a fish or any other living thing in all the 2,500 or 3,000 square miles of beautiful and mysterious waters, except the yearly increasing swarms of summer bathers. It is the ideal sea-bathing place of the world.

After an invigorating plunge in Great Salt Lake, we return to the city, and again take up our journey westward toward the Alkali Desert and the Sierra Nevadas to Sacramento, California, our next stop of any importance.

The Tour has been so arranged throughout as to pass through the finest scenery by daylight, and the deserts by night. Just beyond Terrace, Utah, lies the great Alkali Desert, the greater portion of which is crossed before we stop the next morning, at Reno, Nevada, for breakfast. Soon after leaving Reno we are in the heart of the Sierra Nevadas, stopping at Summit, on the very crest of the Range (with ocean level 7,017 feet below), for lunch, and in the afternoon we delight ourselves with the magnificent scenery of the Sierra Nevadas, especially that which opens before us in the descent of the range toward Sacramento. Magnificent cañons, yawning precipices, innumerable snow sheds (one series being 42 miles in length). Indescribably grand. For many days to come we will be in the midst of mountains. The whole State of California seems to be made up of mountain ranges, but wait until your eyes behold the wonderful valleys which have made California “the land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers.”

The party will remain at Sacramento.

California, for the entire day, Sunday, July 9th, a day of rest that will prepare the party for the last stage of the going journey, from Sacramento to Los Angeles. Hotel head-



Hotel Van Nuys, Los Angeles.

quarters will be the Golden Eagle, one of the finest in the city. Then on to Los Angeles, arriving at the metropolis of Southern California, Monday, July 10th, at 4 P. M.

While at Los Angeles the party will take their meals at the splendid new hotel, Van Nuys, northwest corner Main and Fourth Streets.

The National Educational Association Convention will be in session from July 11th to 14th, and, of course, the party will remain at Los Angeles, with Hotel Van Nuys for headquarters, during all of that period.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

During most of the period occupied by the story of California the large district, comprising about one-fourth of the State, was regarded as a desert. It is now the remarkable country known distinctively as Southern California.

This country alone, of all the territory of the United States, except southern Florida, is really described by the much-used term, "sub-tropical." Lacking much of being a hot country, and with a summer whose days are nearly all characterized by the trait of being warm in the sunshine and cool in the shade, there is yet never any actual cold in winter or oppressive sultriness in summer. Nearly all the products of the tropics grow here in astonishing vigor and profusion. Most of the beautiful plants and trees of foreign lands have been imported, and flourish. It is in effect the out-of-doors quick-bed and hot-house of America. Flowers delicate, rare, and costly everywhere else, here thrive and climb and grow large. Annuals become perennial, pulpy stems become wood, things that should die in autumn grow all winter. The fig and the olive have always presented to us the idea of something foreign, semi-biblical and anti-Saxon. Here they are common and hardy trees, with innumerable others of foreign foliage that line the avenues of towns like Pasadena and Riverside, and adorn the yards and walks of Los Angeles.



Mt. Lowe Railway, near
Los Angeles.

The sensations of South California are peculiar, and have often been described. A renowned resort for invalids and tired people, industry has accompanied and out-run the health seeker. The commercial products of the country have long been established in the markets, and this product is immense. What the nation needed in all those things that were once luxuries, and are now daily necessities, come from here. The orange, the lemon, the fig, and the raisin grape, are among the common staples.

Millions of gallons of wine are produced. The valley lying between mountain ranges is a distinctive feature of the topography, and each of these valleys is a place unique to the unaccustomed eye. A seeming miracle of water from a rock-sively performed. To the kind of beautiful aridness these valleys their edges against the Cities have arisen like tions. A multitude refined, the edu-

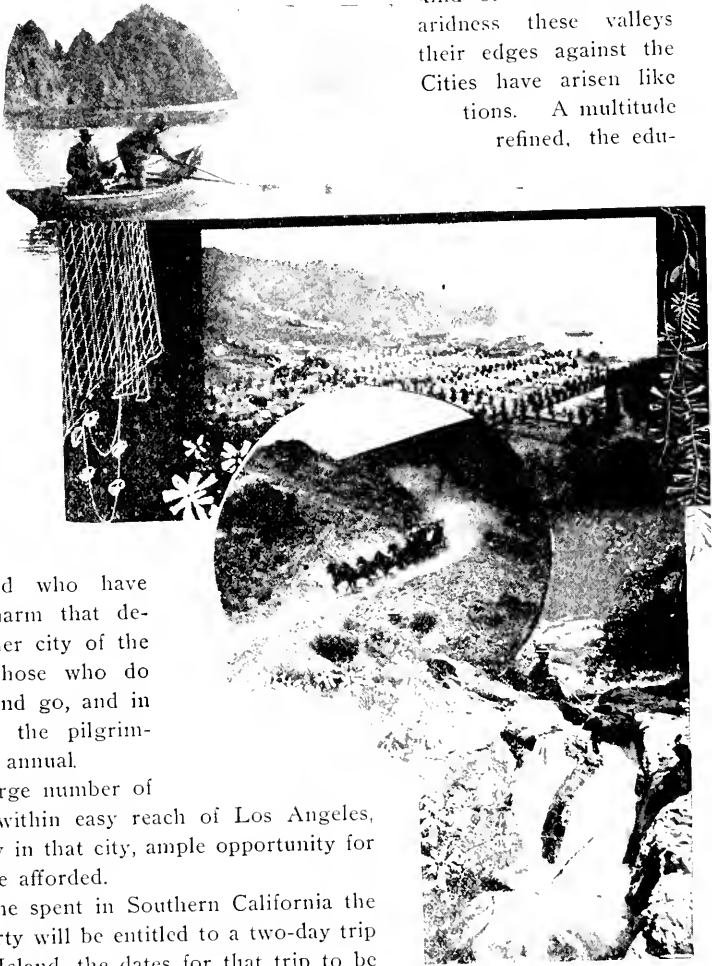
the old miracle has been extended, clothed in a newness, above the glow with color to brown mountains. crystallized exhalation of the trained, the educated, and the wealthy have found permanent homes amid these scenes, whose charm cannot be explained in words, but appeals to the dullest senses. Los Angeles, considered as an instance, contains more people who have fixed incomes, and who have found here the charm that detains, than any other city of the United States. Those who do not remain come and go, and in thousands of cases the pilgrimage is regular and annual.

There are a large number of interesting sights within easy reach of Los Angeles, and during the stay in that city, ample opportunity for seeing them will be afforded.

During the time spent in Southern California the members of the party will be entitled to a two-day trip to Santa Catalina Island, the dates for that trip to be selected by the members.

A MAGIC ISLAND—SANTA CATALINA.

Hardly three hours and a half from Los Angeles, Southern California, is Santa Catalina, an island 22 miles long, a park in the Pacific, a mountain range at sea; a



Avalon and Vicinity, Santa Catalina Island, So. Cal.

bit of the world by itself, which in its climate, natural beauties, and opportunities for sport comes as near perfection as one can find. It abounds in beautiful and lofty mountains, deep gorges, stupendous rock cliffs, and precipices. Its south and west coast has the surf and a bracing climate; its north and east is a region of calms,



The Beach and Landing at Avalon.

little bays with glass-like surfaces reflecting the rocks and mountains. Avalon, upon the bay of that name, has a climate nearer the ideal than any in America. The winter is the season of verdure. The days are mild and balmy, the nights lack the chill of the mainland, and there is little difference in temperature between day and night. Winter it is in name alone, as the island is then a semi-tropic garden. There is a total lack of malarial taint, Santa Catalina being a natural

sanitarium. The summers are equally remarkable. At Avalon a really hot period, as it is understood in the East, is unknown, and from May until November there is a succession of beautiful days, without a suspicion of squall or storm of any kind.

The Teachers' Convention closing on July 14th, at midnight the party leaves in their Pullmans for the run to San Francisco, homeward bound. There is so much of interest in and around San Francisco that three days will be spent in that city. Hotel Pleasanton will be our headquarters for sleeping purposes as well as meals.

[Note the following from Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.]

"One of the finest hotels in America is the Pleasanton, situated on the corner of Jones and Sutter Streets, in San Francisco. Two years ago last May the house passed into possession of O. M. Brennan, who has had 20 years' experience as hotel man on the Pacific coast.

"The position of the hotel is first-class; in an aristocratic district of San Francisco, not far from the places of amusement and general stores of the city. Six blocks below is Kearney Street, the fashionable promenade, to which the Sutter Street cars, which pass the door, take you direct. Another important consideration is the elevation of the Pleasanton, it being a gentle slope, not sufficiently steep to weary out the weakest, but enough to insure perfect drainage. From the upper story of the Pleasanton one of the finest views in the world is obtainable. On three sides stretch the blue waters of the bay, covered with steamers, sailing vessels, and smaller craft, with

Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda extending far away to the misty hills. Beyond question this house is the most nearly fireproof on the Coast."

The site is a succession of hills. There is a group of these extending from the ferries westward to the Cliff House on the coast. The elevations vary between 170 feet and 900 feet. Many are named, as Mission Peaks, Park Peak, Knob Hill, Telegraph Hill, etc. It was to climb these hills of San Francisco that the cable street railway was invented, and here it had its first successful operation. Some of them, as Knob Hill, are the sites of the best residences.

Far more than the usual number of minor attractions exist in San Francisco. Climate, location, and the annual influx of visitors have made plentiful theatres, gardens, squares, points, little voyages, etc.



Hotel Pleasanton, San Francisco.

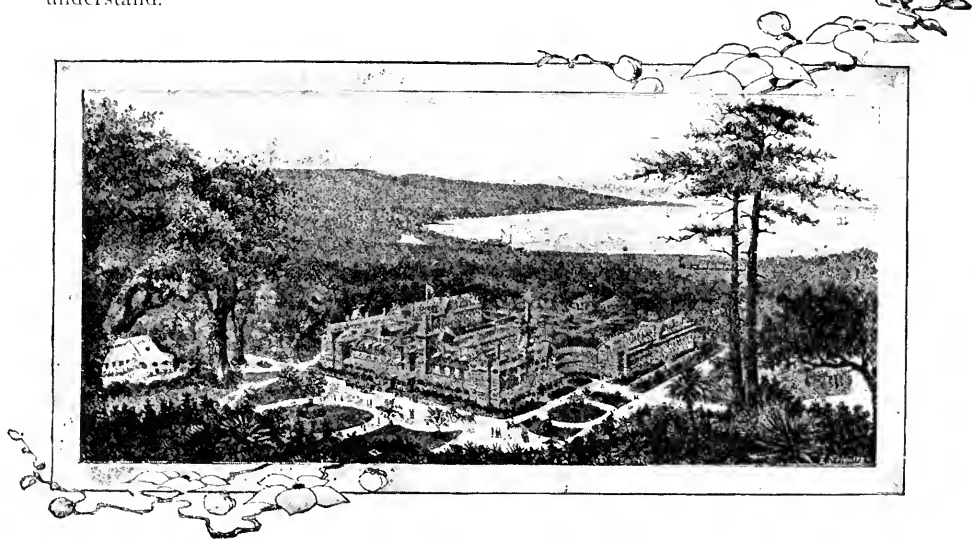
A unique place in the famous Golden Gate Park. It was a few years ago a succession of wind-blown sand-dunes. There are a thousand acres of it, it being three miles in length and half a mile wide. Outside the tropics there can be found no such assortment of unusual and unaccustomed plants growing out-of-doors; and perhaps no spot in the world has lent itself so readily to unexpected features of attractiveness. From the summit of the eminence called Strawberry Hill the sight that meets the eye is unequalled. City, bay, ocean, and distant mountains are all within the view, and immediately at hand the groves, walks, drives, arbors, and splendid vegetation of the park itself.

Sutro Heights is near by; a kind of hill-top Arcadia that is free to the public. Here, again, sand-hills have been converted into a garden.

Near-by resorts are reached by street cars, of which there are 220 miles of lines, and by boats and ferries. Among these resorts are Sausalito (the place of willows), the Golden Gate, Alcatraz (pelican) island, Angel Island, etc. There are in addition, Mill Valley, Mt. Tamalpais, and Tamalpais (land of the tamal. The tamal is the Spanish dumpling, made of corn meal, stuffed with minced meat and peppers, and boiled in a casing of corn-husk) Tavern. There is the Presidio and the batteries, whose late occupants are at this writing at Manila. There are drives by the Ocean Beach roads, and pastimes and attractions for the description of which there is no

space in less than a good-sized volume. San Mateo (St. Matthew) is a beautiful resort and hotel, less than an hour's drive away. Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway is an excursion for a day. It is a mountain railroad, not the diminutive make-believe amusement of summer parks, and is the most attractive of all the engineering triumphs of its kind. More than eight miles are traveled to make an air-line distance of three miles.

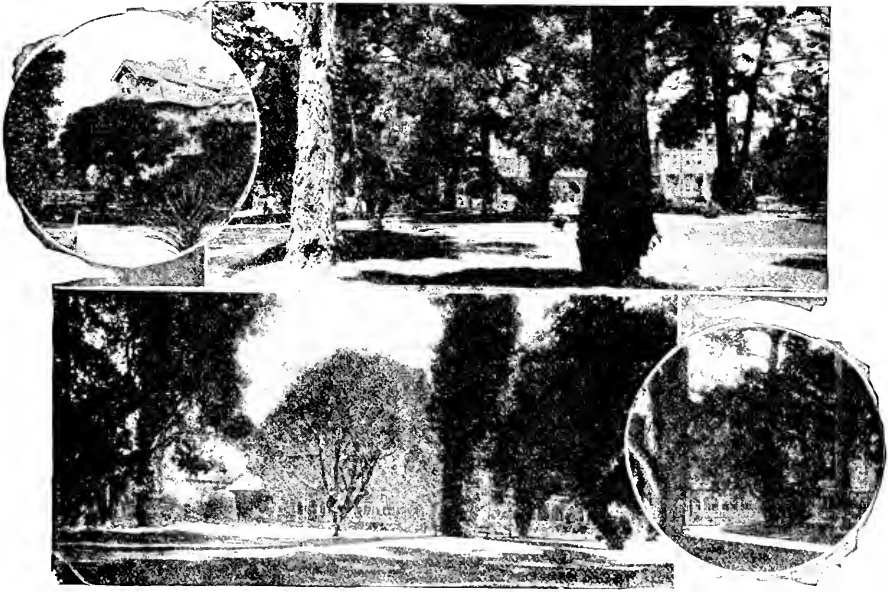
Chinatown is a locality every one has heard of. It is the only instance of its kind, though other cities have such things in an attenuated form. Here is the actual life, with all the vices and few of the virtues, of that vast decaying race, whose country is being cut into slices and parcelled out by the nations of Europe. In these slummy streets is the display of all those race peculiarities that no other human being can understand.



A Bird's-eye View of Hotel Del Monte.

From San Francisco the party will take the most delightful side trip included in the Tour, viz.: The trip to Hotel Del Monte, at Monterey, on the Bay of Monterey. En route to Del Monte, leaving San Francisco, the road enters the Santa Clara Valley, flanked on the east by the Bay of San Francisco, and on the west by the brown, rolling slopes of the Sierra Morena, and then the lofty, verdure-clad heights of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The valley as far as San José, fifty miles from San Francisco, is covered with almost a continuous forest of stately oaks. Embowered in the depths of this great forest are romantic towns and villages, with their glowing wealth of flowers, and the splendid country homes of millionaires set in the midst of parks and flower gardens. Here, also, is the broad demesne of the Burlingame Club, and farther along the red-tiled roof of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University is seen in the distance through the dark green foliage.

A little farther on we see the Coast Range of mountains on the east, and the Santa Cruz Mountains in the west, the former brown and verdureless, the latter covered to the summits with forests. Then the Santa Clara Valley closes, and the Valley of the Pajaro (pronounced Pah-hah-ro) opens out, with its orchards and sugar-beet farms, and the train and the Pajaro River enter a picturesque gorge side by side, and shoulder each other for the right of way down to the Salinas Valley,



Del Monte Grounds.

noted for its sugar-beet and wheat farms. The broad Salinas River is crossed; then comes a stretch of low, rolling hills which, in spring, are covered with a gorgeous carpet of wild-flowers, and later in the brilliant yellow of the California poppy, covering thousands of acres; and then suddenly the train enters a mystical forest and stops in the heart of an enchanted garden. This is the station of the Hotel Del Monte.

The party will remain three days at

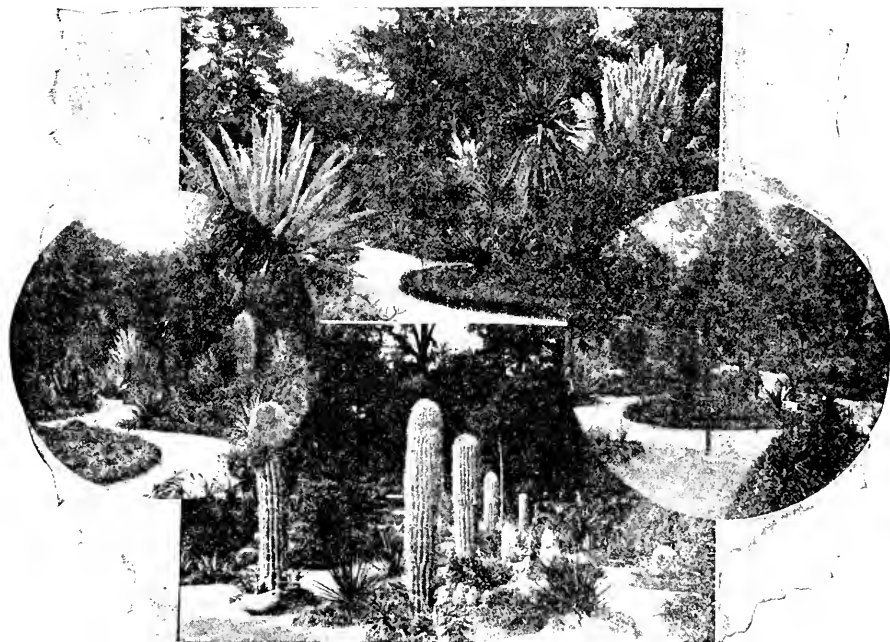
HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY.

While Monterey has always had the reputation, among old Californians, of being the healthiest and most delightful spot in their State, it is only since the completion of the Hotel del Monte (June, 1880), that tourists could have the comforts, enjoyments, and surroundings which refined and cultivated people desire, while availing themselves of its equable and salubrious climate. Since the opening of the Hotel

Del Monte, Monterey has been visited by thousands of tourists—from all parts of the United States and Europe—who heartily indorse all that is said in behalf of this now famous resort.

There is probably no place upon the seashore in the State so replete with natural charms as Monterey. Its exquisite beauty and variety of scenery is diversified with ocean, bay, lake, and streamlet; mountain, hill, and valley; and groves of oak, cypress, spruce, pine, and other trees. The mountain views are very beautiful, particularly the Gabilan and Santa Cruz spurs.

Near the edge of a beautiful park, 126 acres of undulating land within the sound of the low murmurs of the waters of Monterey Bay, there rises above the mingled



Arizona Garden, Del Monte.

foliage of surrounding oak, pine, and cedar trees, a building of magnificent proportions, constructed in the modern Gothic style. This is the magnificent Hotel Del Monte. What can be said in sufficient praise of this marvelous creation?

This famous hotel has often been described. Perhaps it comes as near to being the perfect resting-place of a perfect resort as there is on earth. Every advantage has been taken of the original inducement, the climate. There is a garden of 126 acres, if anything of the kind ought to be called a "garden." There are sensations in these grounds, a feeling about the place that cannot be encountered elsewhere in all the world. Even the inadequate photograph produces an impression not common in

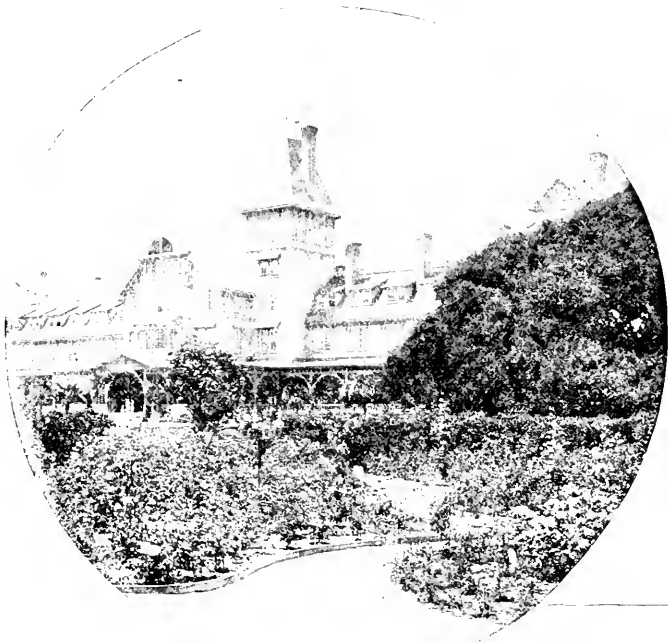
its connection. It is very manifest that words are quite useless. Monterey and its charms have never been really described in all the rhapsodies she has ever evoked.

The place is an all-the-year resort. In the winter one glides into it out of the snow almost imperceptibly. Yesterday it was the Sierra Nevadas; to-day it is eternal summer, backed by glistening mountains, and faced by the shining sea.

There is an air of misty antiquity about the place as well. The people who came first had this in their blood and have left it behind them wherever they have been. One cannot describe it, but it is all over the California coast, and on the little square peninsula of Monterey it is more perceptible than it is anywhere else. and this notwithstanding the fact that all that has been done by man is American, and comparatively new.

The seventeen-mile drive (included in the Tour) is one of the chief attractions of the Hotel del Monte, and it is undoubtedly the most remarkable highway in the world. It skirts the entire peninsula of Monterey, and throughout its entire length is macadamized with the same material as that employed on the walks and drives of the hotel grounds. In constructing it to furnish a rare pleasure to the hotel guests,

no heed was given to the heavy expense which the undertaking involved. The road is hard, white, and clean, and is always free from dust and mud. It passes through Monterey and Pacific Grove; tunnels the dense forest of pine and oak; overlooks



Hotel Del Monte.



Along the Seventeen Mile Drive.

gorges and chasms in which huge waves tumble and roar; skirts the edges of dizzy promontories overhanging the sea; brings into view the largest colony of sea lions

on the coast; penetrates the depth of a remarkable cypress grove; skims along past beaches strewn with colored pebbles; and then returns through a solemn and romantic cañon to the starting point.

After spending three delightful days at Del Monte, the party returns to San Francisco, and at once prepare for our journey northward to Portland, Oregon, via the famous Shasta route. The schedule will be so arranged



Mt. Shasta.

as to arrive at Redding, California, for breakfast, for shortly after leaving that point the beautiful scenery of the Shasta route begins.

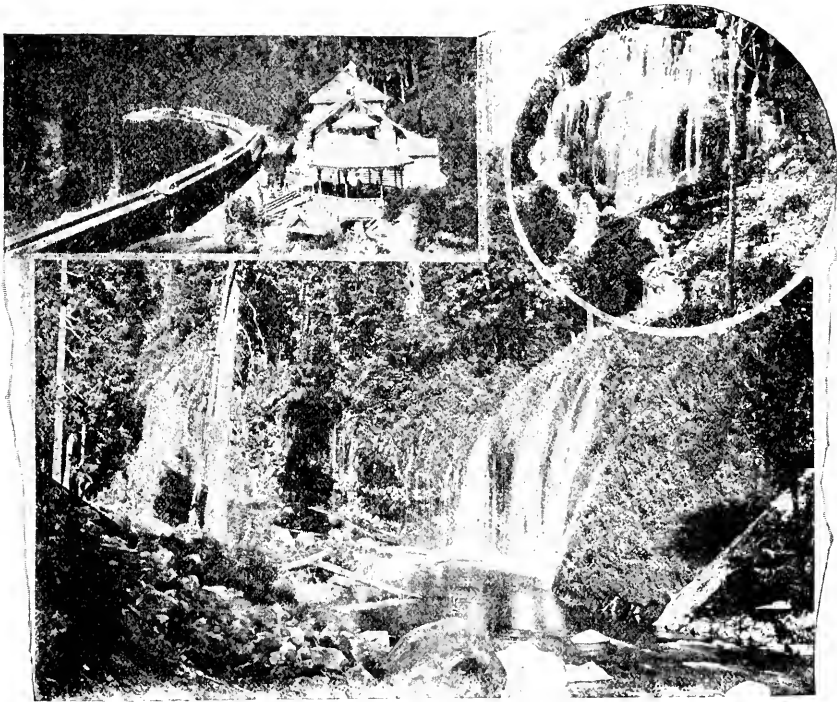
In three hours we are at Castle Crag, in the heart of the Shasta region. Shasta elevation, 14,442 feet, is of course, the predominant, all-absorbing view from the Crag's summit. Its majestic proportions and long sweeping profile lines are here exhibited to splendid advantage, but by and by the eye will turn to sweep the circle of the horizon, and what a vast cyclorama of grandeur it is! The pen drops powerless at any attempt of its description, for words may be multiplied indefinitely, and still nothing has been said. The grandeur of the Crag's themselves is



Along the Shasta Route.

better appreciated from the cañon below or from the Castle Lake or Big Castle Creek trails. These granite spires attain a much greater elevation than has been recorded of

them. As seen from the railroad near the Castella Meadows (the first view to be had traveling northward), the great dome appears to the extreme east, and the Wintun Cañon headlands, the boldest and most abrupt view of all, on the west. Apparently this seems to be the summit of the Craggs, but there are peaks back of these that rise over a thousand feet higher, and are splintered and riven into all manner of fantastic shapes. In fact, Castle Dome and the Wintun Craggs, as seen from the summit of Shasta, dwindle into insignificance as compared with the higher peaks which lie to the northward of these points.

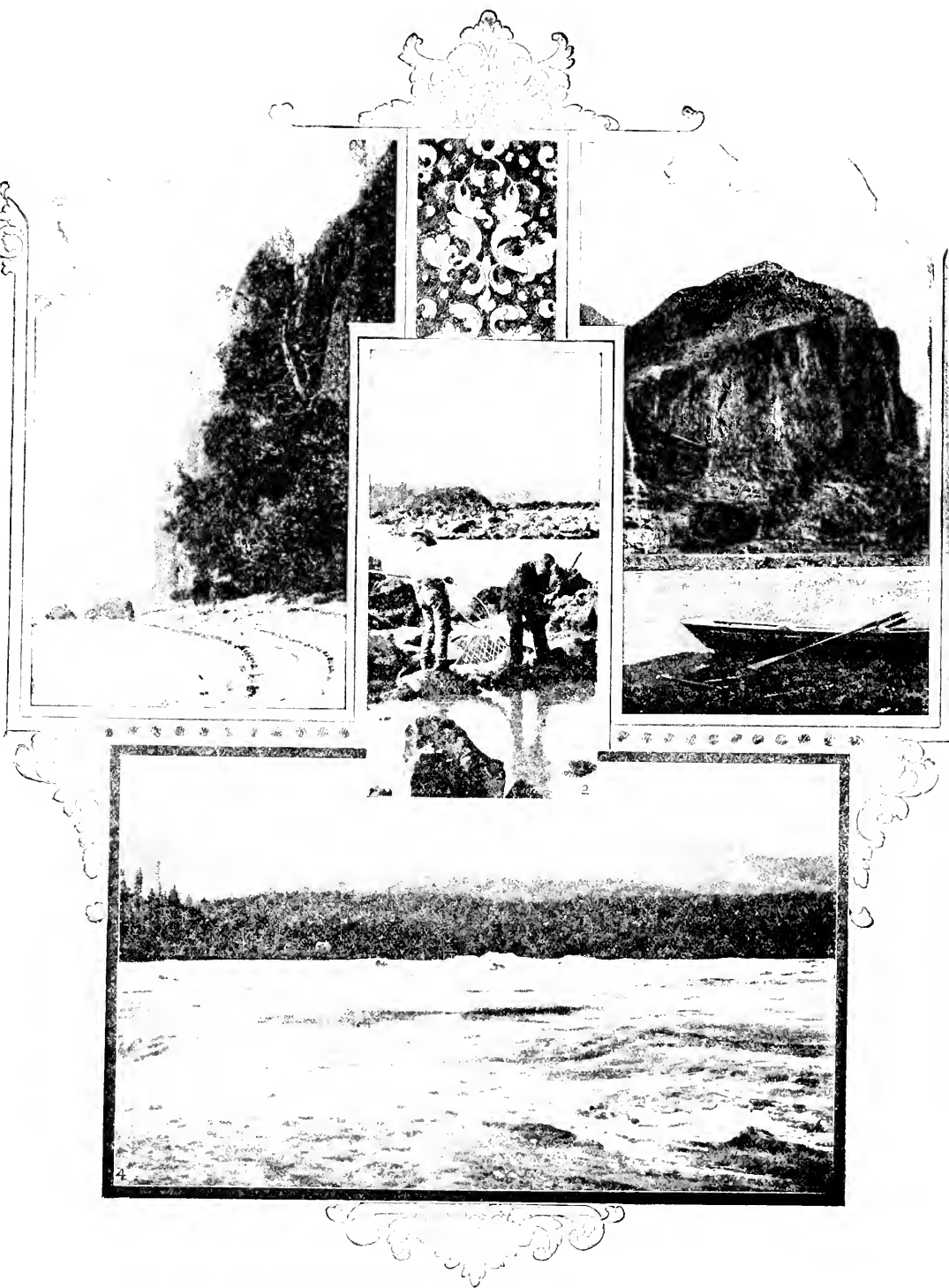


Mossbrae Falls and Shasta Soda Springs.

Traveling northward from Castle Craggs the cañon becomes more rugged and picturesque, the walls are more precipitous and the Sacramento river, confined in its narrow, rocky, channel, rushes in turbulent white rapids over its stony bed.

The cozy little retreat of Upper Soda Springs, one mile above Dunsmuir, one of the early-day resorts, is still a favorite haunt of pleasure-seekers, and it still affords the same old-time cheer and hospitality that characterized it in the past.

The first object that particularly attracts the eye is Mossbrae Falls, which consist of a great number of ice-cold rills that burst through the mountain sides in graceful tresses, trickling down through the ferns and mosses, affording an altogether



ALONG THE BANKS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

unique variety of waterfalls. Their fountain head is undoubtedly located far up in the snowy slopes of Shasta.

Making a sharp detour about three miles north of the Shasta Springs, the road leaves the cañon and the river, and, doubling upon itself, exhibits the wild grandeur of the river scenery to splendid advantage.

After scaling the eastern wall of the cañon the road turns again abruptly to the left, and now all eyes are bent upon the great scenic lodestone of northern California, Mount Shasta, the most satisfactory and unobstructed view of which is from Sisson Station, Strawberry Valley.

There are five glaciers on Shasta, one on the south, two on the east, and two on the north. The most extensive and interesting of these is the Whitney, which takes its rise near the summit, flowing down to the east of Shastina, and clearly visible from Shasta Valley. The others, with possibly the exception of a glimpse of Konwakiton, on the south near the Red Rocks, cannot be seen from the railroad. The lesser peak, called Shastina, has a well-defined crater cap at its summit, about three-quarters of a mile across, and 1,500 feet deep.

The party will arrive at Portland, Oregon, Saturday morning, July 22d, and immediately upon arrival will be transferred by carriage to the magnificent Hotel Portland, for breakfast, after which the steamer, "Regulator," is boarded for a delightful, restful day on the Columbia River. The trip will extend to Cascade Locks, and return.

From the deck of the steamer the most beautiful views can be had of Multnomah Falls, Oneonta Falls, Mount Hood, Mount Adams, Mount St. Helens, and the Cascades of the Columbia.

Upon leaving the steamer we go at once to "The Portland." This establishment is one of the finest hotels on the Pacific Coast. It occupies a whole square in one of the pleasantest sections of the city. Dinner, Saturday, will be served at The Portland, and also the three Sunday meals, for the party will spend Sunday, July 23d, in Portland. Although we use our Pullmans for sleeping purposes, yet, we are to have the freedom of the hotel—the same as if we slept as well as dined there. This is true of all the hotels at which we stop throughout the entire trip.

Early in the morning, Monday, July 24th, our train drops quietly down to Seattle, Washington. After breakfast we are to see the sights of the city, after which we board the steamer, "Flyer," for a delightful three hours' ride across Puget Sound to Tacoma, Washington, our train being sent around by rail, empty. After dinner, in the evening, at Hotel Tacoma, we are off again, this time our destination being Yellowstone National Park.

We are now traveling on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and after we leave Seattle all meals en route between that point and St. Paul, with the exception of one meal at Spokane, Washington, at Hotel Spokane, will be served in the superb dining cars in daily use on that line. The rates named in this Itinerary include breakfast and dinner on these dining cars, but does *not* include lunch. The latter is served a-la carte. On account of lunch being served on this plan it was possible to include same in Itinerary.



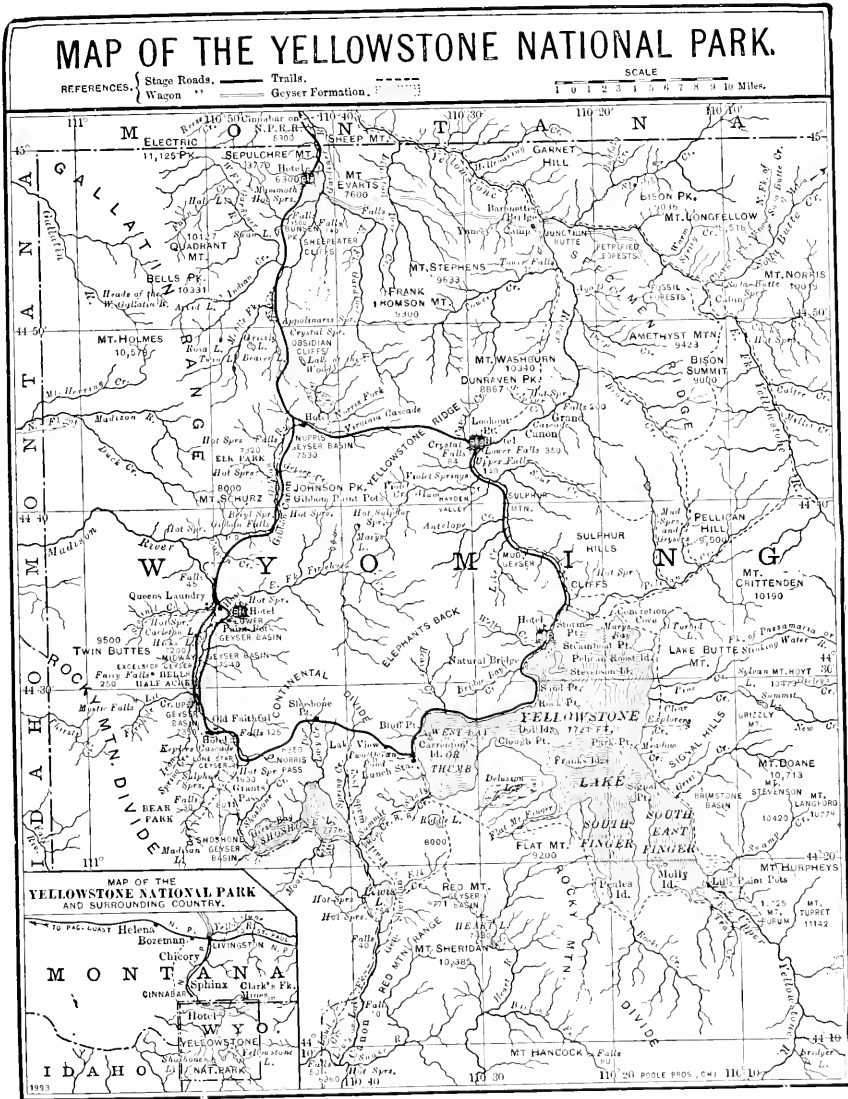
Great Falls of the Yellowstone.

SCENES IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Mushroom Rock.

During Tuesday, the 25th, we travel in the States of Washington, Idaho, and Montana—a ride full of interest, and relieved of all monotony.

We pass Lake Pend d'Oreille, an expansion of the Clark Fork of the Columbia



River. It lies ensconced among the mountains in a most enticing sort of a way, with rocky islands rising above its mirror-like surface—one of the most beautiful lakes of the West.

The journey lies along the banks of the Clark Fork of the Columbia, a picturesque stream rolling between lofty and pine-clad mountains. Three times does the train climb up and down before the great chain of the Rockies is cleared.

We pass through the southern portion of the Flathead Indian Reservation, and into the valley of the Jocko River. Then we find our train coiling about the mountain sides in the effort to make distance, and at last the pass, the Corsican defile, is gained, and the Mission Ridge of the Rockies is passed. And soon we are climbing again for the second crossing; after leaving Mission Ridge, we descend to the foot of Bitter Root Valley, at Missoula, then down the valleys of Hellgate and Little Blackfoot Rivers. Climbing up steadily we reach the summit of the second range—the scenery entirely different from any through which we have passed. In our descent we pass through the Mullan tunnel, and at the foot of this second range lies the city of Helena.



Liberty Cap and Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel,
Yellowstone National Park.

On and on we go until the third range is before us. Through continuous mountains the road winds, revealing new and stupendous characters at every turn. At some places the rocks are prodigious in size, and of the most interesting contour. We glide up the grade of the Rock Cañon, steadily climbing all the time, until we come to the Bozeman tunnel, at an elevation of 5,565 feet. After this third range is crossed, the road passes through a rolling country, with park-like spots, and at the foot of the range lies Livingston.

Wednesday morning, July 26th, we arrive at Livingston; at this point we take a barouche line down to Cinnabar, where the Yellowstone Park stages meet us, and then the delightful tour of the Park begins.

Leaving our Pullmans at Cinnabar, the party at once take the stages of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, and at 12.45 P.M., July 26th, we reach the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel—our first stop in the Park.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

It is now generally conceded that no spot in the world, of the same size, compares with this noted resort in the variety and wonder of its scenic and physical phenomena.

Lecturers spend much time and money to familiarize themselves with it so that

they can recount to their audiences the wonderful things to be seen there. Artists go there to paint and photograph it. Literary men and newspaper correspondents go there to write about it, and the people, the ordinary people, go there to see it.

In 1872 there was an Act of Congress passed setting aside forever, as a public park, a section of country rectangular in shape, known as the Yellowstone National Park. The boundaries of the park are in a certain way somewhat indefinite. Sixty-two miles in length, from north to south, and 54 miles in width, with an area of about 3,350 square miles, is about as close as we can come to accuracy at present.

The Park lies in the northwestern corner of Wyoming, with a narrow strip in Montana and Idaho. It is about 1,000 miles from St. Paul and Duluth to the east, and Portland to the west, 1,500 miles from Chicago, and about the same distance from San Francisco.

The tourist season extends from June 1st to October 1st. The transportation equipment is the best obtainable, consisting mainly of Concord coaches of a special pattern, made to fit the necessities of Park travel. While being strong and durable, they are light, easy to get in and out of, and open at the sides, so that the passenger can easily see the country while riding along.

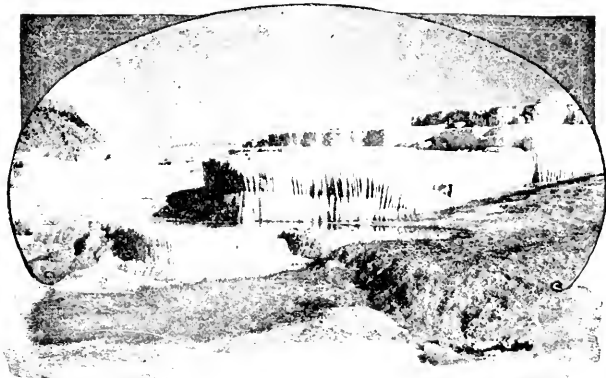
Warm clothing should be worn. This applies both to outer and under garments. Many changes of elevation and temperature are experienced, and during a

good portion of each day for much of the Park season, one thus dressed may need no outer wrap. A mackintosh, rubber coat, or light, and unless heavy, thick-soled shoes are worn, rubbers are necessary to protect the feet. At Mammoth Hot Springs, and at some other places, tinted glasses are needed to protect the eyes from the dazzling effects of the light upon the white geyserite plains and terraces.

It will be found convenient to take a trunk as far as Mammoth Hot Springs. A medium-sized grip or valise and a shawl-strap will hold all that is necessary for the actual tour in the Park, if the tourist is properly clothed. Laundrying can be done for tourists at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, while the trip through the Park is being made.

Telegraph messages can be sent from the Association Hotels to any part of the world.

The mode of transportation in the regular Park tour is that of the stage-coach entirely.



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H. G. Peabody, Boston.

Ideal Terrace, Yellowstone National Park.

The Transportation Company, when so requested, the night previous to departure of stage from Mammoth Hot Springs, will endeavor to seat persons, or parties of six, eight, or ten in the same vehicle for the trip.

The Yellowstone Park Association conducts the hotels in the Park under franchises issued by the United States Government, and after a large expenditure of money, offers accommodations to tourists, with good service.

For one trunk between Cinnabar and Mammoth Hot Springs, there is a charge of 50 cents. Valises, grips, etc., carried free. Twenty-five pounds baggage, carried on stages through Park, free.

NOTE.—Charge for baggage is not included in our rates.

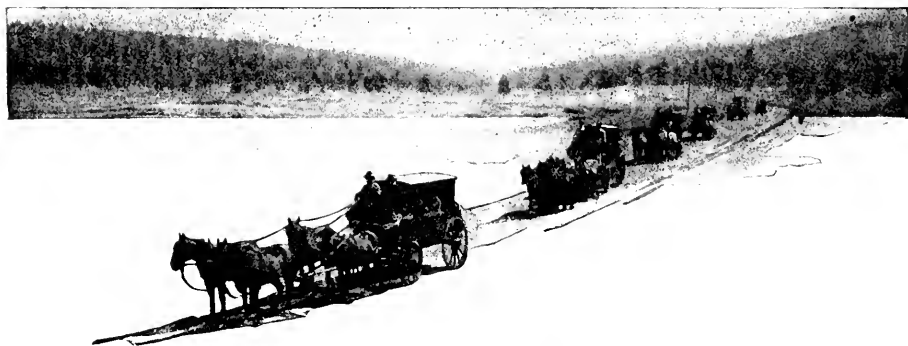
Five and one-half days are to be devoted to the Tour of Yellowstone Park.

Immediately after luncheon, July 26th, and as nearly as practicable at 2.30 p. m., the Association's guide will leave the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel for a two hours' trip over the formation. All are invited to accompany him, free of extra charge.

THE PARK SCHEDULE.

July 26th.—Leave Livingston at 8.30 a. m.; arrive Cinnabar 10.30 a. m.; leave Cinnabar at 10.45 a. m.; arrive Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel 12.45 p. m., taking lunch, dinner, and lodging.

July 27th.—Breakfast. Leave Mammoth Hot Springs at 8.00 a. m., arriving at



A Train of Park Coaches.

Norris at noon for lunch; leaving at 1.30 p. m., and arriving at Fountain Hotel, Lower Geyser Basin, at 5.30 p. m., for dinner and lodging.

July 28th.—Breakfast at Fountain. Leave for Midway and Upper Geyser Basin at 8.00 a. m. Lunch at Upper Geyser Basin. Return from Upper Geyser Basin to Fountain Hotel at 4.30 p. m. Dinner and lodging at Fountain Hotel.

July 29th.—Breakfast at Fountain. Leave for West Arm of Yellowstone Lake at 7.00 a. m. Lunch at Lake, and leave the Lake after lunch for Yellowstone Lake Hotel at Lake outlet. Dinner and lodging at Lake Hotel.

July 30th.—Breakfast at Yellowstone Lake. Leave for Grand Cañon at 9.30 A. M., via Sulphur Mountain; arrive Grand Cañon at 12.30 P. M. Lunch, dinner, and lodging.

July 31st.—Breakfast. Leave Grand Cañon at 10.00 A. M.; arrive Norris at 12.30 P. M. Lunch. Leave Norris at 1.30 P. M.; arrive Mammoth Hot Springs at 4.30 P. M. Dinner. Leave Mammoth Hot Springs at 6.30 P. M., arriving at Cinnabar at 8.00 P. M.; leave Cinnabar at 8.15 P. M.; arrive Livingston at 10.15 P. M.

Describing briefly the Park wonders, at Mammoth Hot Springs, we find that the springs have built up a series of remarkable terraces on the west side of a little plateau, or basin, 1,000 feet above the Gardiner River, into which their waters flow. The whole plateau and the steep slopes extending down to the river are mainly composed of carbonate of lime deposits, resulting from springs now extinct. There are no active geysers at the present time in this basin. The principal objects of interest are the Liberty Cap and Thumb; the active springs, Pulpit Basins, Marble Basins, and Blue Springs, on the main terrace; and Cleopatra's Bowl, Cupid's Cave, and the Orange Spring, which are higher and further back.

ON THE ROAD TO THE GEYSER.

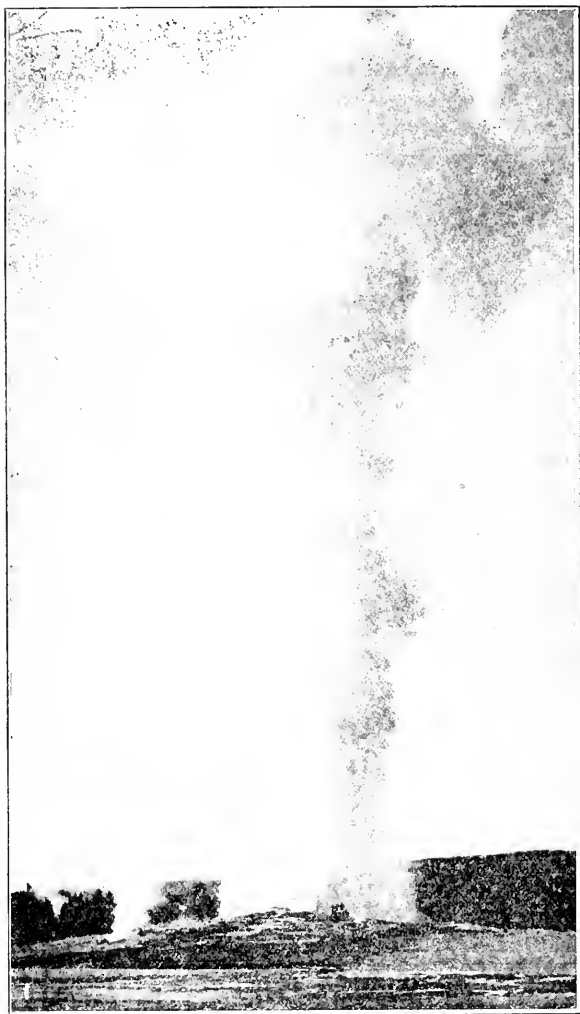
Leaving the hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs, the party will proceed to the Lower and Upper Geyser Basins *via* the Norris Geyser Basin. This journey and the subsequent trips about the park will be made in comfortable Concord stages. The early part of the ride lies over a road which ascends the banks of Glen Creek to the Golden Gate. On the plateau above, from which a grand view is had of Electric Peak, Quadrant Mountain, Bell's Peak, and Mount Holmes, Swan Lake is situated. Near Beaver Lake are the famous Obsidian Cliffs, a ridge of volcanic glass from 150 to 250 feet high and 1,000 feet in length. We halt at the Norris Geyser Basin Hotel for lunch. The principal attractions in the Norris Geyser Basin are numerous springs and a few veritable geysers, the chief one being the Monarch. The Hurricane is a fierce, roaring spring, and the Growler is the significant name of another vigorous steam and water vent. These are brought under inspection soon after leaving the Norris lunch station, and we proceed twenty miles further, past the beautiful Gibbon River Falls to the Fountain Hotel.

THE LOWER GEYSER BASIN.

The chief points of interest visited by tourists in the Lower Geyser Basin are the Fountain Geyser and Mammoth Paint Pots, which are situated near each other. The Fountain is a very handsome geyser, and is in eruption five or six times daily. The Paint Pots constitute one of the chief wonders of the park. In a crater forty feet in diameter, there are mud springs, in which the material cast forth has the appearance of paint of different shades.

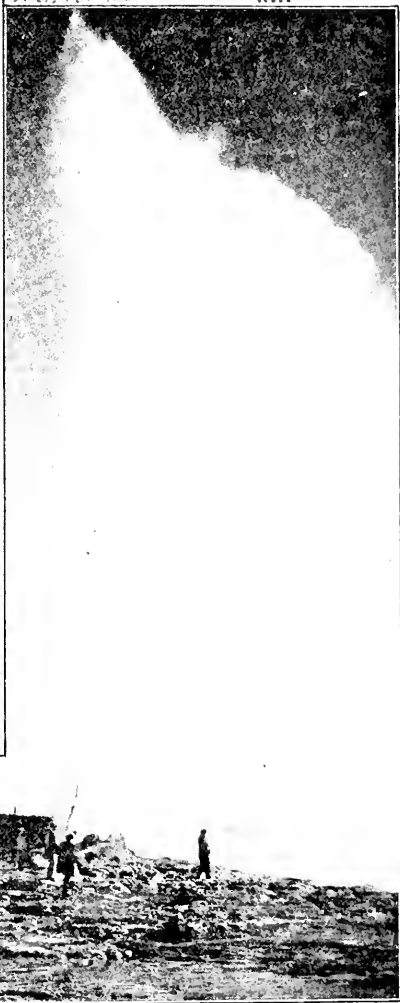
THE EXCELSIOR GEYSER AND PRISMATIC LAKE.

Next we drive to the Upper Geyser Basin, passing through the chief wonders of the Midway Geyser Basin. These are Turquoise Spring, the Prismatic Lake, and the



1. Giant Geyser.

IN YELLOWSTONE PARK



2. Old Faithful Geyser.

crater of the Excelsior Geyser. A very expressive title given to this last-named object is Hell's Half Acre. Two rivulets pour forth from the cauldron and from the neighboring springs, and the deposits along their channels are very brilliantly colored.

The Turquoise Spring, near the Excelsior, is beautiful in its rich tints of blue, and Prismatic Lake, also near at hand, is another wonderful display of color.

THE UPPER GEYSER BASIN AND ITS WONDERS.

About five miles above the Excelsior Geyser we come to the Upper Geyser Basin. Here, in a nearly level tract inclosed by low hills, with the Firehole River flowing through it, and mainly upon the east side, are found the chief geysers of this marvelous region. There are here forty geysers, nine of which are large, besides many beautiful hot springs. The Upper Basin group includes, with others, the following: Old Faithful, Castle, Bee Hive, Giant, Giantess, Grotto, Grand, Oblong, Splendid, Comet, Fan, Mortar, Riverside, Turban. Saw Mill, Lion, and Lioness. These are scattered over the surface of the basin, chiefly along the river bank, Old Faithful being at the southern extremity. The Grotto, Giant, Oblong, and Castle are near the road. The Bee Hive, with its handsome cone, is upon the opposite side of the river from the hotel. Many beautiful springs are in proximity to the geysers, forming objects of interest second only to the mammoth fountains of hot water. Old Faithful makes a magnificent display, and is one of the handsomest geysers in the Park.



Beehive Geyser, Yellowstone National Park.

FROM THE LOWER GEYSER BASIN TO YELLOWSTONE LAKE;

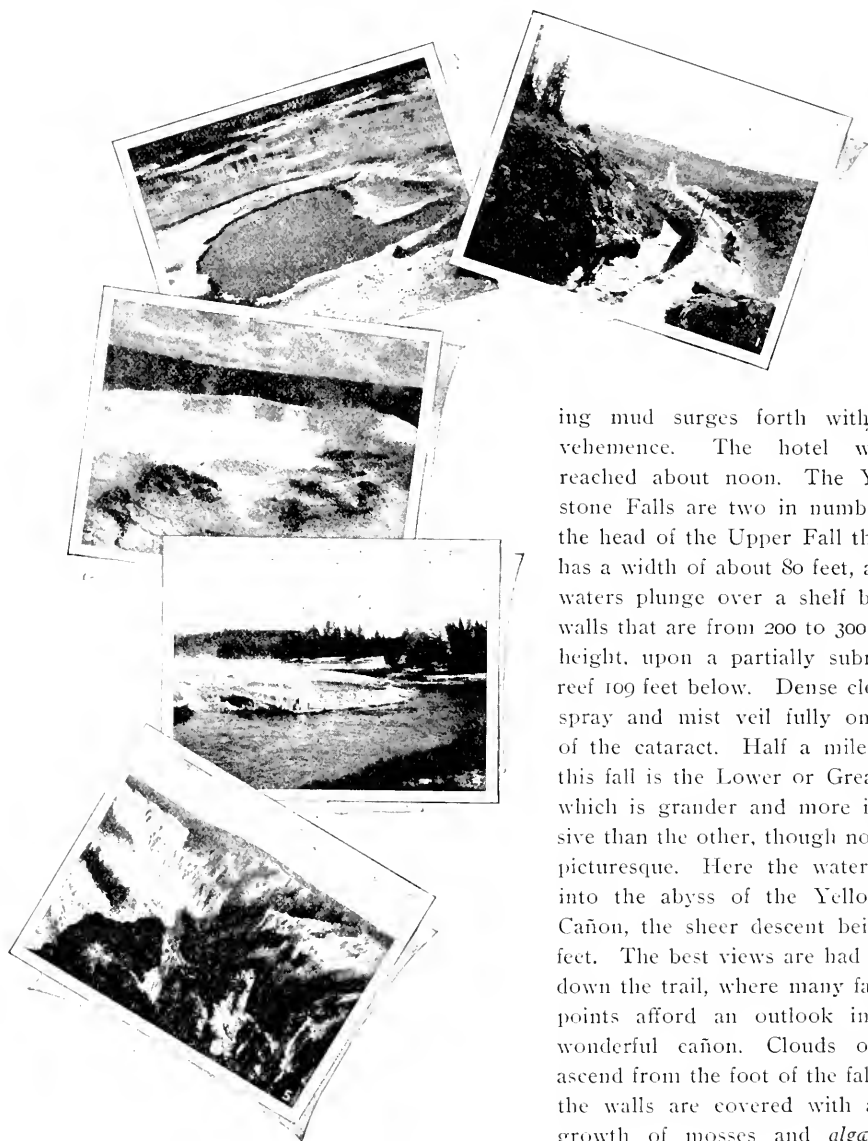
Next we proceed *via* the Upper Geyser Basin to Yellowstone Lake. The road twice crosses the Continental Divide, affording fine views of Shoshone Lake and a portion of the Park not otherwise seen. Lunch will be served at "West Bay," or "The Thumb," as it is often called.

YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

This magnificent sheet of water covers a superficial area of 139 square miles, with an irregular shore line of about 100 miles, and is the largest lake in North America at this altitude. The hotel, a new and commodious building, is built upon a bluff at the entrance of a little bay near the outlet. The view from this point is charming.

THE FALLS AND THE CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Leaving the Lake Hotel early in the morning, we shall proceed to the Cañon Hotel, passing on the way a wonderful object known as the Mud Volcano. It is a pit about twenty feet in depth, and from a spacious opening on one side at the bottom boil-



ing mud surges forth with great vehemence. The hotel will be reached about noon. The Yellowstone Falls are two in number. At the head of the Upper Fall the river has a width of about 80 feet, and the waters plunge over a shelf between walls that are from 200 to 300 feet in height, upon a partially submerged reef 109 feet below. Dense clouds of spray and mist veil fully one-third of the cataract. Half a mile below this fall is the Lower or Great Fall, which is grander and more impressive than the other, though not more picturesque. Here the waters pour into the abyss of the Yellowstone Cañon, the sheer descent being 308 feet. The best views are had farther down the trail, where many favoring points afford an outlook into the wonderful cañon. Clouds of mist ascend from the foot of the falls, and the walls are covered with a rank growth of mosses and *algæ*. The

Scenes in Yellowstone National Park.

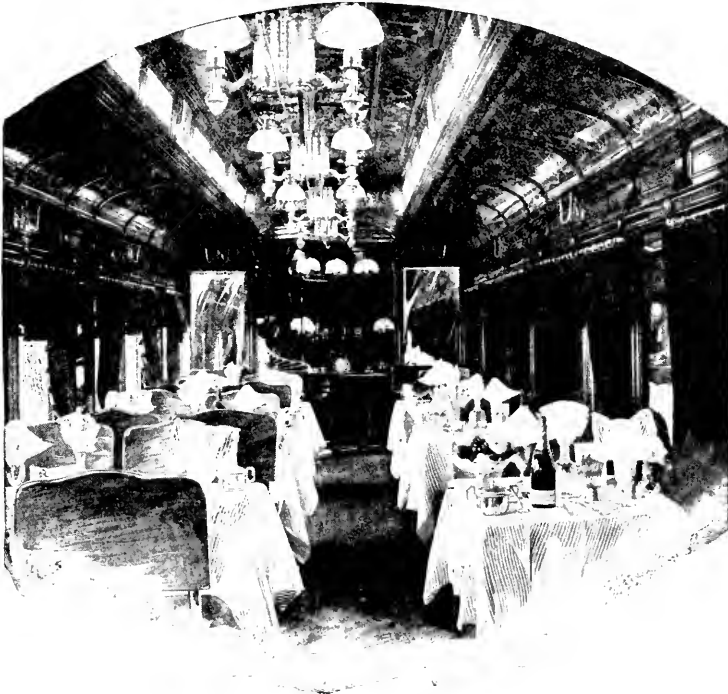
cañon is considered the greatest of the park marvels. The gorgeous coloring of the cañon walls is its distinguishing feature. The beholder is no longer left in doubt as to the reason for bestowing the name of Yellowstone upon this remarkable river. The beautifully saffron-tinted walls give the explanation. There are other tints in opulence. Crimson and greens are seen with all their gradations and blendings. Emerald mosses and foliage form the settings for dashes of bright rainbow colors.

FROM THE CAÑON TO THE MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

Leaving the Cañon Hotel Friday morning, we pass the beautiful Virginia Cascade, one of the prettiest sights in the park. From the Norris Geyser Basin, where we halt for lunch, we proceed to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel.

FROM THE YELLOWSTONE PARK EASTWARD.

Departing from the hotel after dinner the same afternoon, Monday, July 31st, by stage, the party will proceed to Cinnabar, whence the route takes us back to Livingston, on the Park Branch, and then eastward on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway. For some 350 miles we follow the banks of the Yellowstone. Custer, Forsyth, and Miles City are places named in honor of military heroes.

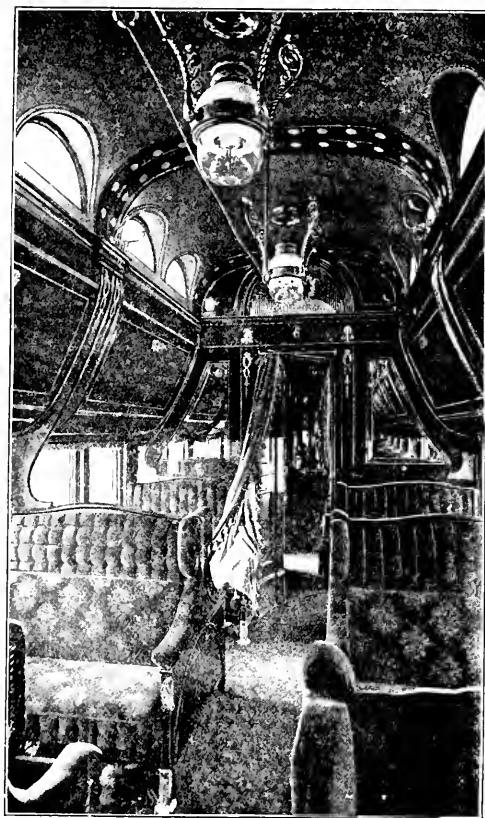


Interior Dining Car.

Thirty-six miles east of Glendive and one mile west of Sentinel Butte we pass out of Montana, through which we have journeyed on the main line of railway 780 miles. The succeeding 367 miles lie within the State of North Dakota. Mandan, Bismarck, Jamestown, and Fargo are the chief cities passed through. We enter the State of Minnesota at Moorehead, and among the principal towns passed are Lake Park, Detroit, Wadena, Little Falls, and Anoka. The party will be due at Minneapolis on Wednesday morning, August 2d, at 8.00 A. M. After breakfast at Hotel Nicollet,

we have the day before us for sight-seeing in the twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul. A carriage ride about the cities is included in the tour.

Leaving Minneapolis in the evening, arriving at Chicago early the next morning, August 3d. After breakfast and dinner at Hotel Victoria, we leave for Niagara Falls, arriving at Niagara August 4th, 5 P. M. At Niagara Falls August 5th and 6th, leaving for Philadelphia at midnight August 6th, arriving at the Reading Terminal 11 A. M., August 7th, 1899.



Interior View Standard Pullman Palace Car.

THE TRAIN will be made up exclusively of *Standard Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars* (with one baggage car) for the exclusive use of the party. The Pullmans that are taken from Philadelphia will remain with us for the entire tour.

Meals en route. Between Philadelphia, Pa., and Denver, Col., all meals will be served in *Palace Dining Cars*. Three meals per day, with full dining car service. Along the Denver & Rio Grande Railway stops for meals will be made at the fine hotels operated by the Denver & Rio

Grande Hotel Co. Along the Southern Pacific Railway, where dining cars are not available, the hotels are operated by the Southern Pacific Company, insuring first-class service. Between Spokane, Washington, and Minneapolis, Minn., meals will be served in dining cars, as already stated in this Itinerary. At Santa Catalina Island, Del Monte, San Francisco, and during the tour of Yellowstone

National Park, the party will sleep in first-class Hotels, but during all the rest of the tour our chartered Pullman Palace Cars will be used. At Los Angeles those desiring room accommodations as well as meals, can procure same at \$1.00 per day; where two room together the rate will be even lower.

The Hotels used in connection with the Tour are strictly first-class. Notably Victoria Hotel, Hotel Colorado, The Windsor, The Barker, Hotel Van Nuys, Hotel Del Monte, The Pleasanton, The Portland, The Tacoma, The Spokane, Hotel Nicolet, etc., etc.

RATES.

A 38-day Pacific Coast Tour at the following remarkably low rates, *from Philadelphia*:

Trip No. 1 is the Tour fully outlined on the preceding pages, leaving Philadelphia June 30th, 1899, and returning August 7th, 1899, and the rate for same, *covering every necessary expense*, for the entire Tour, is as follows:

- A.—Calling for one **double berth** in Standard Pullman Palace
Sleeper, and all necessary expenses for entire tour, \$275.00
- B.—Calling for one **half berth** in Standard Pullman Palace
Sleeper, and all necessary expenses for entire tour, \$250.00

Trip No. 2 is the same as Trip No. 1, so far as arrangements from Philadelphia TO Los Angeles are concerned; but at Los Angeles to leave the party, returning independently any time within the limit of the ticket (tickets will be good until September 4th) and the rates are as follows:

- A.—Calling for one **double berth** in Standard Pullman Palace
Sleeper from Philadelphia TO Los Angeles and all necessary
expenses of the tour TO Los Angeles, \$145.00
- B.—Calling for one **half berth** in Standard Pullman Palace
Sleeper, from Philadelphia TO Los Angeles and all necessary
expenses of the Tour TO Los Angeles, \$132.00

NOTE.—The rates named for Trip No. 2 include return portion of R. R. ticket back via the same route as that used going, or over Southern route if it is desired to return that way; but if one desires to return independently of the party via the Northern route via Portland, Oregon, it will cost \$12.50 additional for the R. R. ticket.

THE RATES FOR TRIP No. 1 INCLUDE.—Round Trip R. R. Ticket from Philadelphia, Pullman Palace Car Service for the entire Tour, all meals en route, all the Side Trips and Carriage Rides mentioned in this Itinerary, all Hotel expenses where Hotels are used, necessary transfers, the Tour of Yellowstone National Park—in short, every necessary expense for the entire Tour is included in the rates named.

RATE FOR TRIP No. 1 B "ANALYZED":

Round Trip R. R. ticket between Philadelphia and Los Angeles, .	\$81.25
Arbitrary rate charged by Southern Pacific Ry. Co. on account of returning via Northern route,	12.50
Tour of Yellowstone National Park,	49.50
Thirty-eight days' Board (meals served in dining cars and hotels as per Itinerary); one-half berth in Pullman Palace Sleeper for 38 days, all Hotel accommodations, the following side Trips: over The "Loop," up Pike's Peak through the Garden of the Gods, to summit of Marshall Pass and return, to Great Salt Lake from Salt Lake City, to Santa Catalina Island, to Del Monte, up the Columbia River, and across Puget Sound; also all carriage rides and transfers mentioned in Itinerary,	106.75
Total,	\$250.00

The above rates are based on the supposition that Eastern R. R. lines will name a one-fare rate to Chicago, in connection with the one-fare rate already named by Western lines from Chicago to Los Angeles. No one doubts but that this will be done.

THE RAILROADS USED will be as follows: The Philadelphia & Reading, Lehigh Valley and Grand Trunk to Chicago; the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific to Denver; the Denver & Rio Grande to Grand Junction, Col.; the Rio Grande Western to Ogden, Utah; the Southern Pacific to Los Angeles, and via the Shasta Route to Portland, Oregon; the Northern Pacific to Minneapolis, Minn.; the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy to Chicago, and the Grand Trunk, Lehigh Valley, and Philadelphia & Reading back to Philadelphia.

Just a word about Pullman rate on regular trains. The regular rate for one double berth in Pullman Palace Car, round trip, between Philadelphia and Los Angeles, is \$41.00 for continuous passage; no stop overs are allowed. Returning via Portland, \$5.00 additional. When one desires to stop off, therefore, at different points of interest along the route, the Pullman rate would be considerably higher. "Our" cars are chartered for the 38 days; the low rates named would not be possible in any other way.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.—Any one desiring to make the tour of the Yosemite while in California and at the same time keep with the party for the remainder of the Tour, can easily do so by sacrificing the Santa Catalina Island trip, one day in Los Angeles, and one in San Francisco.

Advance Payment.—When registering for the Tour an advance payment of \$10.00 is required, the balance, according to the trip selected, to be paid on or before June 26th, when R. R. tickets and "little Red Book" of coupons, covering entire Tour, will be ready for delivery.

REMEMBER that the number for the party is positively *limited to 150*, and in view of the fact that more than 200 people were turned away from the California Tour in '97, because their applications came in too late, if *you* desire a place, it would be well to act promptly.

Correspondence solicited. Address (or call),

W. A. Gillespie,

639-643 N. Broad St., Phila., Pa.



“ECHOES OF '97.”

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE PENNA. C. E. UNION.

“I want to thank you for the grand Western trip, which we took under your management in 1897. The company and the accommodations were all that could be desired. We can never lose the joy and the pleasure we experienced in beholding for ourselves the grand wonders and the indescribable beauties of the Westland, with its awe-inspiring cañons and gorges, its mountains and plains. The Shasta route, Monterey and Yellowstone Park were veritable wonderlands of beauty and delight. Everything of beauty in the Westland will hereafter be to us a joy forever.

“Nor can I forget your untiring and ever-courteous efforts to make our trip what it was along the whole route, one of comfort and enjoyment.”

CLARENCE E. EBERMAN.

LANCASTER, PA., April 12th, 1899.

FROM THE GENERAL SECRETARY PENNA. STATE SABBATH-SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

“I shall always cherish as one of the most delightful memories of our wonderful Christian pilgrimage the entire absence of all care we felt for our personal safety and comfort in your wise and willing hands. No bargaining for places at crowded points, no worries about routes, no scurrying to see the best—all was provided for, and we rested as we tramped and wondered and feasted. May thousands more have the great pleasure we had in your charge.”

CHAS. ROADS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11th, 1899.

“Having visited the C. E. Convention at San Francisco, Cal., 1897, and after that accompanied the party to Seattle, Portland, Columbia River, Spokane, Yellowstone Park, Minneapolis, and Chicago, it gives me pleasure to say that the itinerary previously arranged was most successfully conducted. Your courteous management, in my judgment, was a great success. Those who were associated with me during the trip often speak of your kindness, courteous helpfulness, and satisfactory arrangements. My only regret now is that I cannot accompany you on other tours you are projecting.

“I wish you continued success in conducting future parties.”

H. MOSSER,

Pastor First Reformed Church.

READING, PA., April 10th, 1899.

"Referring to the California tour of '97, I was perfectly satisfied with the way it was planned and conducted. I think you did everything which it was possible to do for the comfort and convenience of the tourists."

R. L. MONTGOMERY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 10th, 1899.

A "MINUTE" FROM THE ADVISORY BOARD OF THE PHILADELPHIA C. E. UNION.

"*Resolved*, That in accepting the report of Mr. W. A. Gillespie, upon the business of his office as Transportation Agent in the transfer of the Philadelphia Union and also the Pennsylvania Union to San Francisco and return, and in the examination of all matters which by his desire has been brought to our attention, we find cause for hearty congratulation and commendation.

"*Resolved*, That we hereby thank Mr. Gillespie for the faithful performance of the onerous duties placed upon him, and his courteous patience and kindness to our members while away from their homes, and we desire to express our admiration for the ability displayed by him in arranging the outgoing and returning trips to the great satisfaction of the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia delegates."

(Signed) T. J. GRANT SHIELDS,
President.

(Signed) E. M. DILKES,
Recording Secretary.

FROM THE GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

"I am very glad to learn that you will organize and personally conduct a Pacific Coast and Yellowstone Park party during the coming summer.

"It is no small undertaking to plan and carry out successfully an itinerary embracing 10,000 miles of rail travel, especially when your party numbers 500 or more people, and yet this is exactly what you did in '97, when you used our Line eastbound from Portland, Oregon, to St. Paul, including the Yellowstone trip.

"In arranging with you for the proper movement of this people I found your plans so intelligently made in the best interests of the tourists under your care that it relieved us of a vast amount of work, secured for your party the best possible service, and thus gave to the individual members the greatest possible satisfaction.

"It may interest you in this connection to know that your party of '97 was the largest that has visited the Yellowstone Park since it was thrown open to the public, and I hazard nothing in saying that no party, large or small, has ever seen the Park more thoroughly.

"We shall be glad to see you on the Line again this coming summer, and you may rest assured we will do everything in our power to make the journey for yourself and party a thoroughly enjoyable one."

CHAS. S. FEE.

ST. PAUL, MINN., April 11th, 1899.

TOUR No. 2.

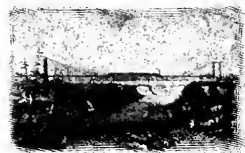
The Great Lakes, Georgian Bay, Etc.

THIS Itinerary will reach many who, in former years, have accompanied me on Christian Endeavor Side Trips in connection with International Conventions, but I want it distinctly understood that this Tour has no connection whatever with the C. E. Convention at Detroit in July. The Philadelphia Union, owing to an experimental change in its policy, will conduct no side trips whatever in connection with the Convention in question. Any one desiring to attend the Convention should communicate with W. H. Ball, 50 E. Washington Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Recognizing the fact, however, that many of our friends will be disappointed at not being able to again place themselves under the fostering care of the Union for the delightful Side Trips so easily accessible from Detroit, I have arranged for any such, and their friends, the delightful Tour outlined on the following pages.

The Trunk Line Associations have agreed upon a one-fare rate to Detroit, which enables me to name an exceptionally small sum to cover every necessary expense for the entire Tour.

It will be noticed that the schedule is so arranged as to keep clear of the Convention delegations, so that all "crowding" will thus be avoided.



Briefly outlining the Tour, the party will leave Philadelphia from the Reading Terminal, Twelfth and Market Streets, Tuesday evening, July 4th, at 7.30, in Standard Pullman Palace Cars, the route being via the Philadelphia & Reading and Lehigh Valley Railroads to Niagara Falls, arriving at Niagara at 8 A. M., July 5th, there to remain for the day, with Hotel Imperial as headquarters.

NIAGARA FALLS.

"Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see—at least of all those which I have seen—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights, I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and

wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of His creatures. This is a long word; but, as far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful. I would not say that a traveler, wishing to do the best with his time, should first of all places seek Niagara. In visiting Florence he may learn almost all that modern art can teach. At Rome he will be brought to understand the cold hearts, correct eyes, and cruel ambition of the old Latin race. In Switzerland he will surround himself with a flood of grandeur and loveliness, and fill himself, if he be capable of such filling, with a flood of romance. The tropics will unfold to him all that vegetation in its greatest richness can produce. In Paris he will find the



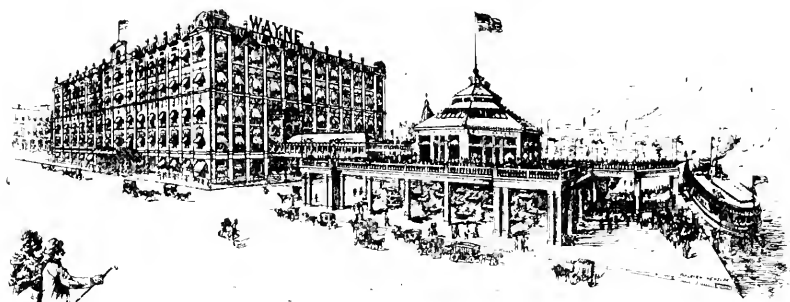
Niagara Falls.

supreme of polish, the *ne plus ultra* of varnish, according to the world's capability of varnishing; and in London he will find the supreme of power, the *ne plus ultra* of work, according to the world's capability of working. At Niagara there is that fall of waters alone. But that fall is more graceful than Giotto's Tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not so astounding in their solitude. The valleys of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica are less green. The finished glaze of life in Paris is less invariable, and the full tide of trade round the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful."—ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

By spending the night at Niagara we have the opportunity of rambling through Niagara Park during the evening hours—the most delightful of the day.

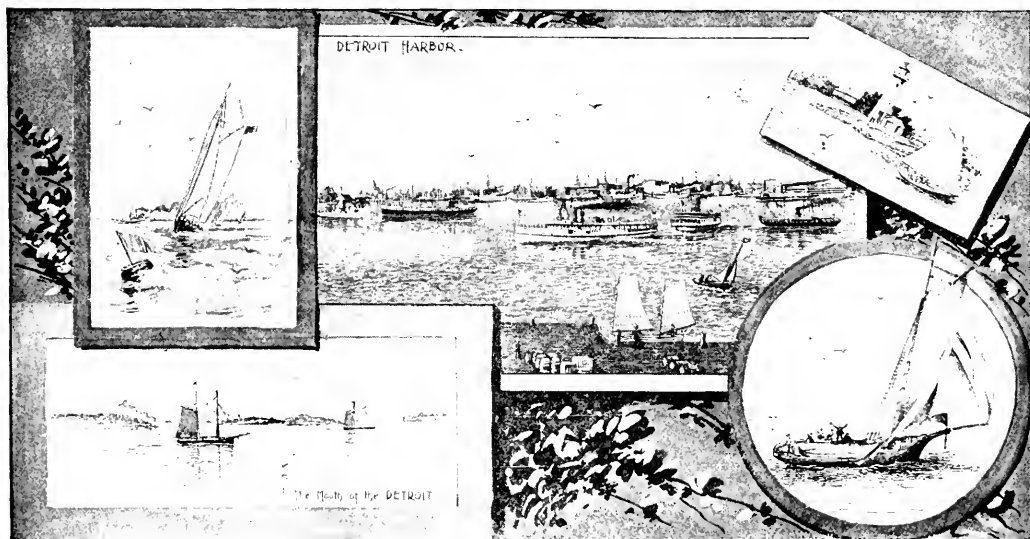
After breakfast in the morning, July 6th, we again resume our journey via the Grand Trunk Railway, and after four hours of travel through the western part of Ontario, we arrive at Detroit, Mich., the beautiful "City of the Straits." The city

was founded in 1701; the oldest white settlement in the West, and no other city on the American Continent has a history so full of incidents, with romantic and tragic interests.



Wayne Hotel and Pavilion.

The party will remain at Detroit, with the Wayne Hotel for headquarters, until the following morning, for our steamer will not leave for Mackinac Island until 9.30 A. M., Friday, July 7th.



Detroit River Scenes.

There is so much of interest to be seen in Detroit that the stop of 20 hours will be fully appreciated.

In the evening, after dinner at the Wayne, the members of the party wend their way toward the wharf of the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company, where the

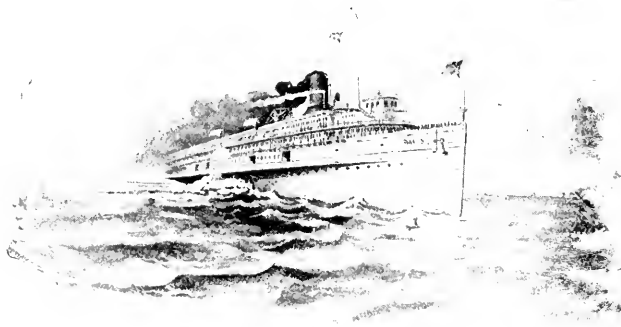
magnificent steamer for the Lake trip to Mackinac Island is boarded; the steamer does not sail until morning, but the night is to be spent on board, staterooms having been secured and assigned far in advance.

JUST A WORD ABOUT "OUR" STEAMER.

With the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company safety, comfort, and speed are the prime considerations. The steamers are of steel, practically new, constructed

in the strongest possible manner, propelled by powerful engines, and are the largest and fastest side-wheelers on the Lakes. Equipped with a complete system of water-tight compartments to prevent sinking in the event of accident, with a fine outfit of life-boats, rafts, and life-preservers, and

handled by a crew of thoroughly skilled, reliable men, the element of safety is raised to the highest attainable maximum.

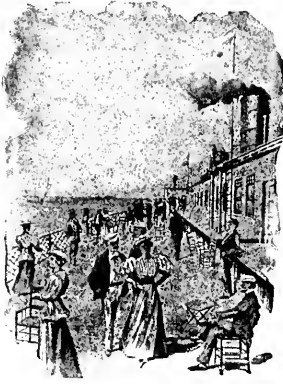


"Our" Steamer for Mackinac Island.



Parlor of D. & C. Line Steamer for Mackinac Island.

As to comfort—the main cabins are broad, roomy, elegantly finished in mahogany, thoroughly ventilated, lighted by electricity, and furnished only as trained judgment and money can furnish them. The staterooms, with their double berths, and the parlors have room in abundance, are well aired, electric lighted, have the best of mattresses and blankets, and the whole are well cared for by skillful feminine hands. Also equipped with barber shop, bath rooms, etc. The large dining-room has seating capacity of 110 persons, and is situated aft below the main deck. It is ventilated by the McCreary system of pipes, which pass through packed ice. As the kitchens are forward of the dining-room and connected with it only by hallways and swinging doors, all suggestions of the mixed and undesirable odors produced therein are removed from the other parts of the boat. The cuisine equals that provided in the best hotels, and the service is prompt and intelligent.



En Route to Mackinac.

In the construction and subsequent operation of these splendid steamers every device that human ingenuity has suggested has, after practical test, been placed in use. From stem to stern, from wheel to wheel they are, to use an expressive street phrase, "up to date."

Early in the morning, July 8th, we enter upon one of the most delightful divisions of the Tour, viz.: the run through the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers. The summer homes of the well-to-do already dot the banks of both streams for their entire length, and are multiplying with each year. Through the beautiful St. Clair Flats region we find these homes in the greatest abundance. Club-houses, a score or more, of striking design, and cottages and mansions of equal picturesqueness and greater numbers, are patronized and inhabited by Detroiters almost entirely. It is a water community pure and simple, and might appropriately be termed Detroit's Venetian suburb, even though it is thirty miles distant from that city. And the islands—emeralds in a darker setting of the same color—must not be forgotten. With them the rivers are thickly populated, and their part in the picture furnished by nature is an important one.

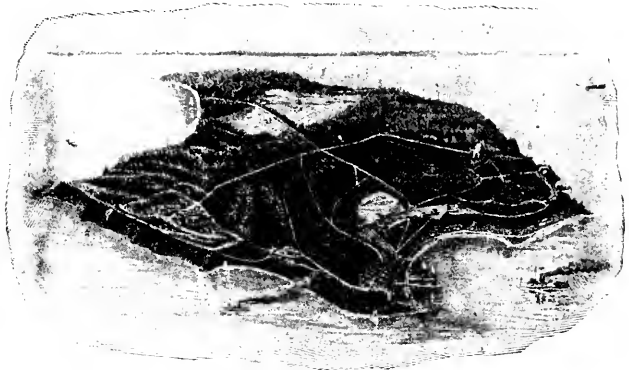
ON LAKE HURON.

On the open lake little is seen except passing vessels until a way port is made. If the traveler is awake and interested, he can gather a good idea of the vital industries of each port by a general survey of what lies within immediate reach of his eye, for nearly the whole of each town is laid out on the lake shore. It requires but a glance to show him that Sand Beach has a fine harbor of refuge—the finest on the lakes—and that lumber cuts no figure in the business of the town, which is rather of a general nature. It is lumber, and nothing else, apparently at Alpena, Cheboygan, and Oscoda. Business at St. Ignace is of a general character. Observation and study of this coast line is always interesting, and cannot but prove of future value.

The car-marks of the hunter and the camper-out may be seen all along the St. Clair River and at every port on the route. Many club and miscellaneous tents are pitched on the American bank of the river between Algonac and Port Huron. the men who are seeking a variety of summer sports as well as a summer rest, appear in large numbers at the various lake ports bound to and from the well-stocked forests, lakes, and streams with which Upper Michigan abounds.

Our steamer is due at Mackinac Island at 12.15 P. M., July 8th (Saturday), where the party is to remain (with the exception of the side trip to the "Soo") until Tuesday evening, July 11th, with "The Grand" for hotel headquarters.

Mackinac Island is very appropriately called "The Fairy Isle."



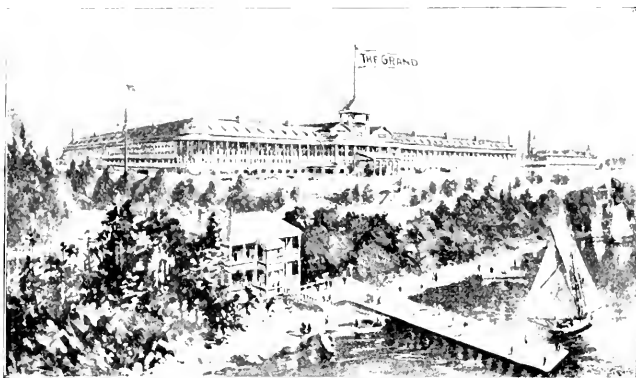
Bird's-eye View of Mackinac Island.

THE NATURAL SCENERY OF THIS ROCK-BOUND ISLE,

Whose cliffs of calcareous rock rise to a height of 300 feet above the water, is of the order that quickly captivates the true artist, and delights even the eye of the layman who cannot technically balance beauty with proportion. Nature, usually so sparing in her gifts to toiling, commonplace mankind, was in her mellowest, most charming mood when she erected this monument to the Creator. It abounds in a tumble of white cliffs, in cavernous recesses, in which all is shade and repose-inviting, in foliage of the richest. With every rock, with every glen, the red-skinned child of the forest has associated his story, and it is always a story whose romanticism, pathos, and tender beauty have been the source of inspiration for the best poets, dead and living, of our land.

Here and there on the island may be observed vestiges of the dense forest of iron-wood, oak, and rock maple which once covered it, but the young growth which has taken its place is developing sturdily. The paths and promenades of this wonderful little island overlook dainty vistas of valley and lake, and lead to spots freighted with beauty and romantic interest. For the camera and palette lover these views of land and water in their everywhere striking relation possess peculiar interest. In the flat country, with which the Middle States abound, the artificial must needs be called in to give tone and effect; here nature has but to be copied as she is. No wonder the aborigines fought so bitterly against the encroachments of the powerful white. Amazing it is that his leave-taking of those wondrous caverns and hills has not ere this

formed the theme of a story that in the hands of a gifted writer should appeal mightily to the finer sensibilities.



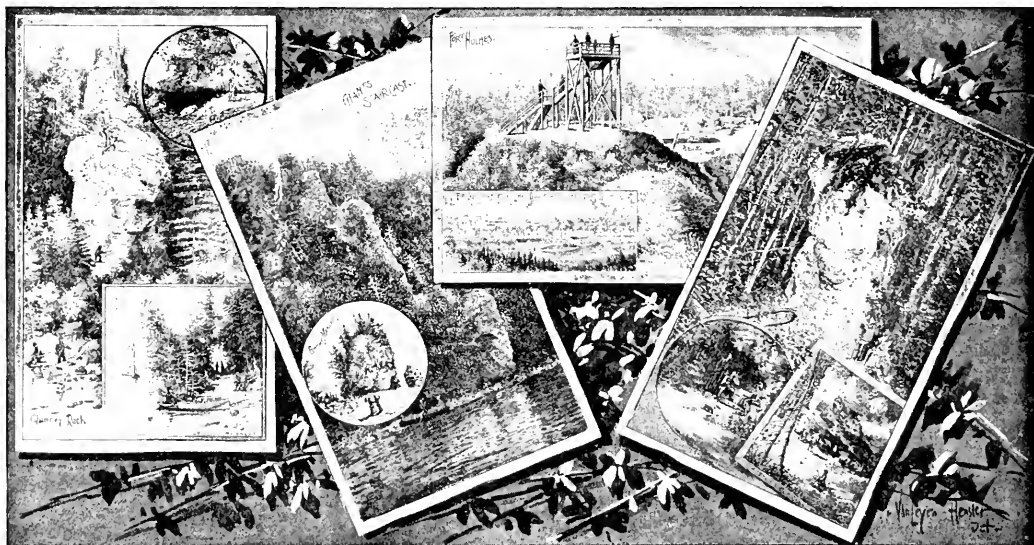
The Grand Hotel.

AS A HEALTH RESORT.

Thus was the late Dr. Drake impressed with the island: "The island is the most important summer resort to which we can direct the attention of the infirm or the fashionable. As a health resort it is unsurpassed. Its cool, dry air, and the living streams of pure

water which gush from the lime rock precipices, are just what are needed to bring back the glow of health to the faded cheek, and send the warm currents of life dancing through the system, superseding all necessity for nauseating iron, sulphur, and epsom salts."

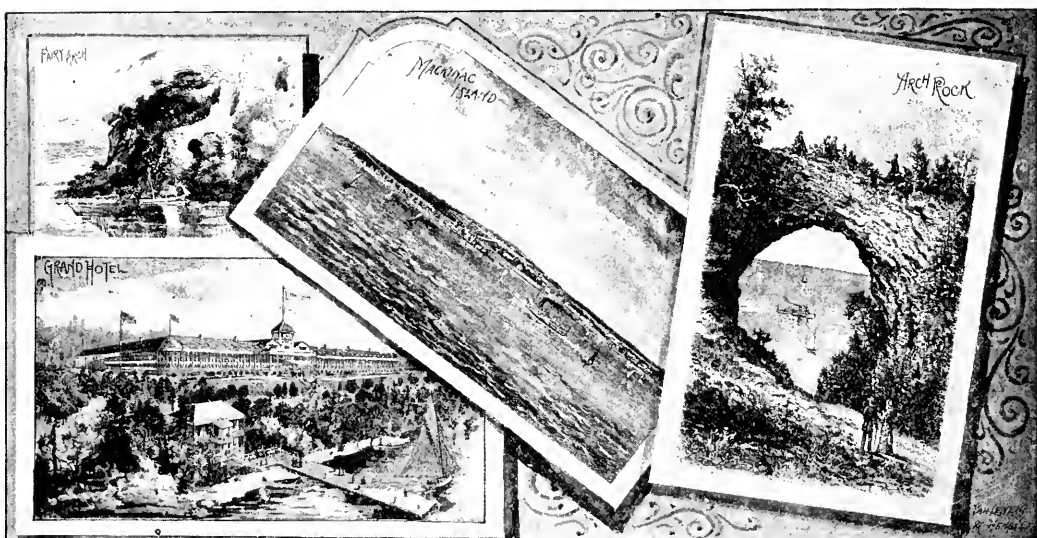
Habitual visitors will tell you that ennui is an affliction that no man complains of



Scenes on Mackinac Island.

here. He finds too much variety. Satiated with artificial pleasures—for the beauty, wealth, and fashion of many metropolitan cities congregate here—he has but to seek near at hand, the aid of nature.

Of the island as a health resort, Dr. Mills, once post-surgeon, said: "From the hour of entering Lake Huron, your feelings will indicate that you have passed beyond the reign of miasma, dyspepsia, blue devils, and duns, and you look back upon the whole of them with gay indifference, or a feeling of good-natured contempt, as every turn of the steamer's wheel carries you farther into the temperate and genial climate of the lakes, and away from your perplexities. Under these influences real diseases may abate, and the imaginary ones be forgotten, and this salutary mental excitement will not soon die away, for the historic associations, not less than the surrounding



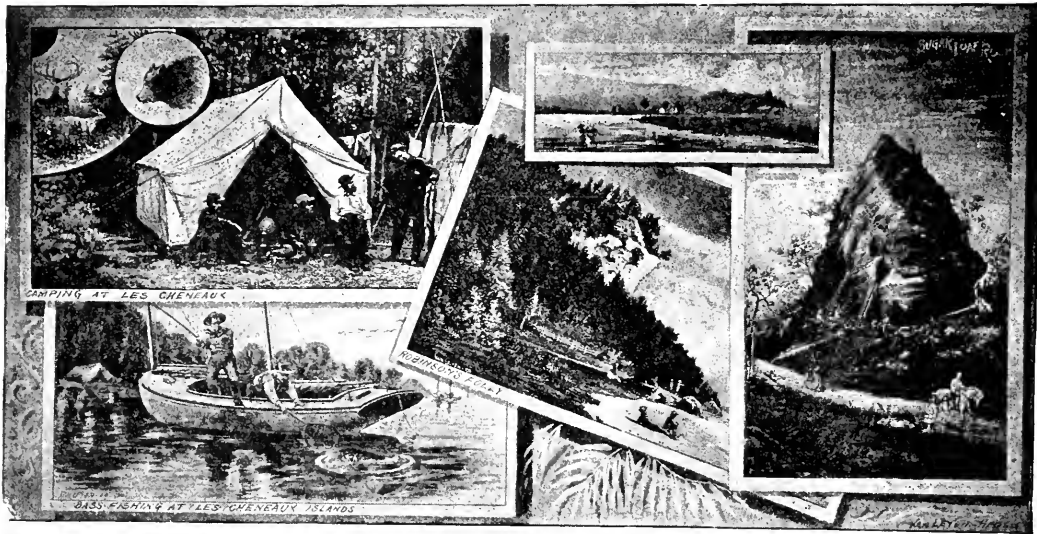
Glimpses of Mackinac Island.

scenery, are well fitted to maintain it." Dr. Mann says: "A few whiffs of the air would make your lungs give a hygienic laugh. Children are crazy with animal spirits and eat in such a way as to demonstrate the paradox that the quantity contained may be greater than the container."

Dr. Hammond, the famous physician, says: "I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best summer resort of which I have any knowledge, for persons whose nervous systems are run down, or who desire to be built up and strengthened."

The Grand Hotel, "our" Hotel while at Mackinac, the best on the island and one of the largest in the country, stands high up on a hill-side, facing the straits. It opens July 1st and closes September 20th, and has room for 1,000 guests at one time. Its rates are \$4 to \$5 a day. Representing a capital of \$300,000, this immense building

is 650 feet long and five stories high. Its architecture is of the "Old Colonial" style, the distinctive features being a colonnade portico, 30 feet wide, upon which the windows of every floor open. The interior is well arranged and fully equal to every demand of the most fastidious taste. The lower floor is occupied exclusively by the dining-hall, drawing-room, and private parlors, with the large rotunda office in the center. The dining-hall is a mammoth apartment, capable of seating 600 people. It occupies the space of two stories, the vaulted ceiling being 27 feet overhead. The guest rooms are large, light, and airy. Each front suite is provided with a private balcony. The hotel is lighted by gas and electricity, heated by steam, and provided with elevator and electric call and fire-alarm bells. It is also supplied with barber shop, bath rooms, steam laundry, and a first-class livery. A metropolitan orchestra



Scenes En Route to the "Soo" Locks.

is in constant attendance. The grounds have been made very attractive and a casino constructed for indoor sports. Sunday, July 9th, will be spent at Mackinac Island, at the Grand Hotel.

On Monday morning, July 10th, the party will take a side Trip by steamer to the celebrated "Soo" Locks, at Sault Ste. Marie, the route being through the beautiful scenery of the St. Mary's River. The steamer, after rounding Mackinac Island, follows the northern shore of Lake Huron as far as Detour, at the entrance of the St. Mary's River, where the real interest begins. The river is 62 miles long, and is composed of a succession of beautiful straits and broad lakes. It is almost entirely shut in by high hills, which rise from the water's edge. In the many beauties and eccentricities of the stream and its outline, it is freely compared to the Hudson and other

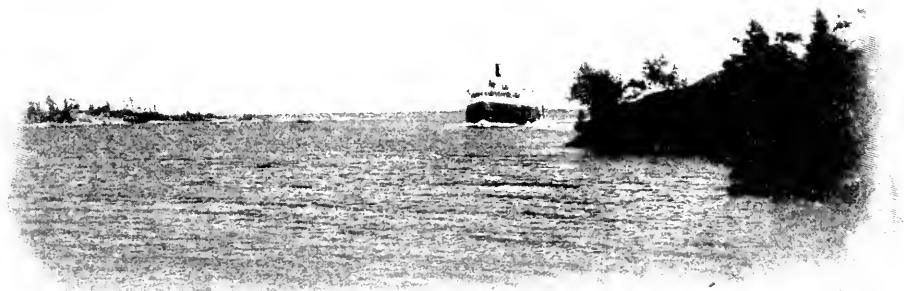
famous rivers. The channel is narrow, crooked, and shallow, however, and must be passed by daylight. This is usually accomplished at dawn, this line being the only one which makes it at mid-day. The river is full of islands, and there are many popular hunting and fishing resorts along its course. At 6 P. M. we arrive at Sault Ste. Marie, a city of 10,000 inhabitants. There is much of interest about the old place. It lies on the left bank of the river, just below the famous government ship canal, built for the purpose of passing the St. Mary's Rapids. The government works are exceedingly interesting. The immense and perfect structure of masonry, the water power which runs all the machinery necessary to operate the monster gates of the lock, and the dynamos which furnish the electric lighting, are perfect in all their details, and well display man's ingenuity. The lock of this canal is 650 feet long by 80 feet wide, and has a lift of 18 feet. Considerable tonnage may therefore pass through at one time. The rapids are a source of much curiosity and awe, and to "shoot" them in an Indian canoe is the acme of delight. Fort Brady, erected in 1823, is an old and important U. S. military post. The party spends the night at Sault Ste. Marie, returning to Mackinac the next morning.

After another delightful afternoon and evening at Mackinac Island, at 10 P. M., July 11th, we board one of the Royal Mail steamers of the Great Northern Transit Co., for the Tour among the 25,000 islands of beautiful Georgian Bay.

'MONG THE 25,000 ISLANDS OF THE GEORGIAN BAY.

"Where the north star shines most clear,
And our devious course we steer
'Mong the isles of the Georgian Bay."

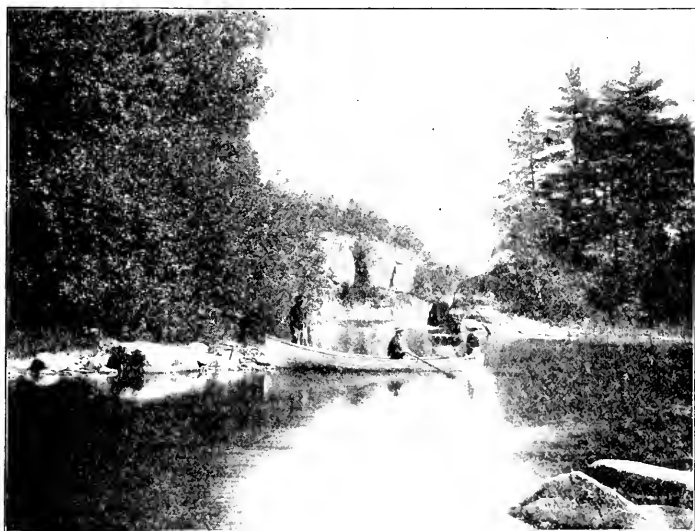
* This great arm of Lake Huron, almost rivaling the lake itself in extent, is a wildly romantic body of water. Its northern and eastern shores are particularly attractive,



Steamer Entering Channel (Georgian Bay).

the waters here being thickly studded with islands, while numerous coves, bays, and inlets contribute to the tortuous windings of the channels of this wondrous archipelago, and to the picturesqueness of the scenery. The islands in the bay are not less than 25,000 in number, and range in size from the merest dot on the water to the Great Manitoulin, many miles in extent. They also present a picturesque variety, as to their general appearance. Some are bare and rocky; others are clothed with verdure to the very water's edge. Here, one rises abruptly in castellated pinnacles, and anon another is densely wooded, with inviting shades, offering delightful shelter to the camper.

Historical points are numerous and many an anecdote has been handed down from generation to generation. The Gap or Little Detroit is a very narrow passage



Among the 25,000 Islands of Georgian Bay.

between jutting rocks rising on either side which may almost be touched as we pass through. Here the war-like Iroquois Indians massacred a band of Ojibways, the descendants of whom are still to be found around She-bon-on-ing and Wikwemikong Bay.

Campment d'Ours, the home of the bears, is an island situated between St. Joseph Island and the mainland, and was the Indians' favorite hunting grounds for bruin. In passing Devil's Elbow, Pictured Rocks, and through Devil's Gap to Richards Landing we get a good view of St. Joseph Island, which was a British garrison during one of the Indian wars. It was surprised and captured by the Americans and their Indian allies, who burned the fort and carried off the ammunition; afterwards the Americans traded it to the British for Mackinac Island. Passing between Neebish

and Sugar Islands into the American channel of St. Mary River, we find it is very crooked and sufficiently dangerous to make it interesting.

The steamer touches at the principal ports along the north shore and on the large islands, and the tourist finds frequent opportunities of enlivening the trip by a run on shore, or a flying visit to some of the many points of interest to be found on the journey. The Indian villages are objects of no little curiosity, and their inhabitants turn out en masse when the boat comes in, some of the women with their basket and bead-work to offer the passengers, while the men and children have freshly-caught fish, and berries of various kinds, from which the boat's stores are sometimes replenished.

The Tour of Georgian Bay will take about two days and two nights, arriving at



A Quiet Nook Among the 25,000 Islands.

Collingwood, Ont., one of Georgian Bay resorts, at night, July 13th. The next morning, July 14th, the party leaves Collingwood via Grand Trunk Railway, for an all-rail ride to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. At Niagara Falls our cars are again on the tracks of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, the line used until Rochester, N. Y., is reached, when the New York Central Railroad engine is attached for the remainder of the run to Clayton, N. Y., where a steamer conveys the party to the Thousand Island Park, in the midst of the Thousand Islands, where the party is to remain for *three and one-half days*, with the beautiful new *Columbian Hotel* for headquarters.

The THOUSAND ISLANDS, scattered in profusion along the great St. Lawrence River from Cape Vincent and Clayton to Alexandria Bay and beyond—the channel

being in some places 12 miles in width. Numerical titles are usually exaggerations, but this is a notable exception, the islands being in reality more than 1,800 in number, varying in size from the small mass of rock to picturesque islands miles in extent, and overspread with luxuriant vegetation. Nearly every island, large or small, is the pleasant summer home of its fortunate owner, and many beautiful cottages, of quaint and elegant design, or the more pretentious and stately castle-like structures of enduring stone, resplendent in gay streamers and pennants of every color, add to the



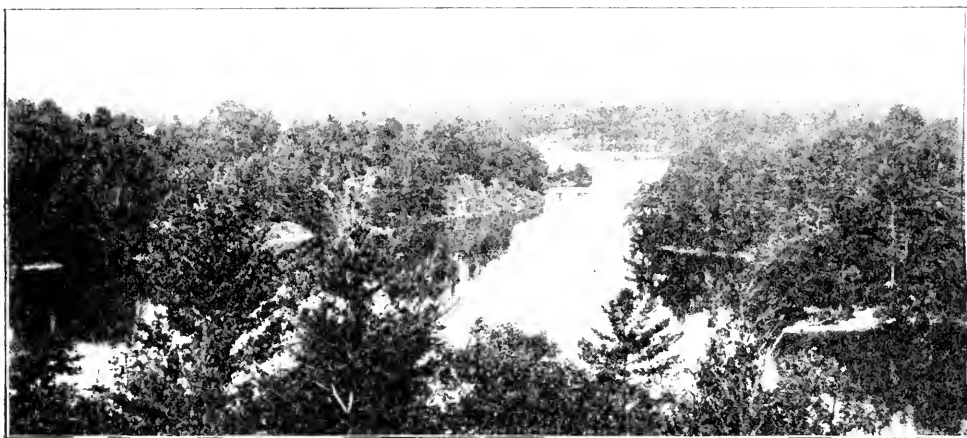
A Picturesque Terrace (Georgian Bay).

liveliness of the scene an indescribable attractiveness. The refined taste which has transformed these island wilds into pleasure resorts is nowhere more noticeable than in the many provisions for comfort and enjoyment which surround these summer homes, and make them pictures of delight and real contentment. This whole region is one of incomparable beauty, and just the place one seeks for rest and refreshment during the warm days of summer.

Bathed by the clear blue waters of the St. Lawrence, and fanned by gentle breezes laden with the balmy odors of pine, fir, and balsam, the islands are at all times delightfully cool and refreshing. A spirit of rest and freedom from care seems to pervade the place, while the fascinating beauty of the scene gives it the charm of a spectacle in fairyland or the beautiful visions of a dream. As a resort the Thousand Islands grow in popularity with each year, and the many improvements made each season

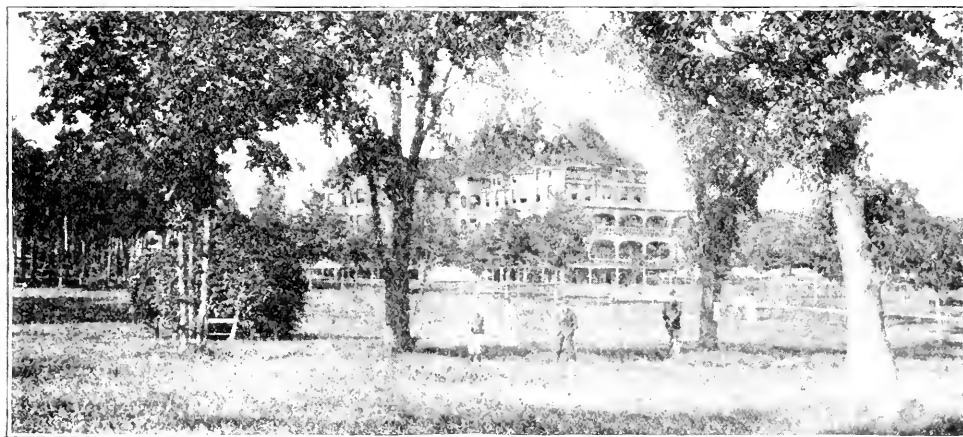
have added so much to the natural attractions of the islands that the transformed scene appears more like the creation of a romance.

During the summer the Thousand Islands teem with life, and the river is every-



Among the Thousand Islands.

where dotted with little yachts and pleasure boats, which flit hither and thither among the islands, in search of new delights. Pleasure cruising in canoe or boat is always



The Columbian Hotel.

charming, and always romantic; now floating in some sequestered bay, the surface of the water dotted with the pure white blooms of the water lily; now resting on the

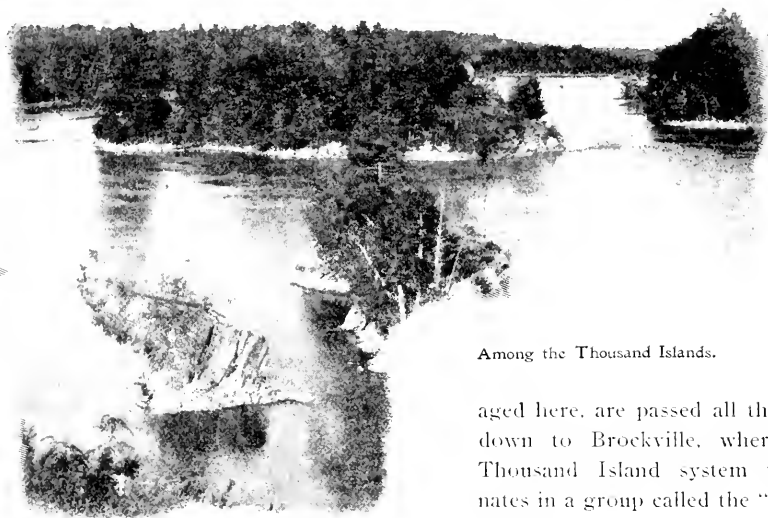
oars in the shade of a wooded island, until the deep whistle of a passing steamer, or the shrill screech of a steam launch breaks the spell.

With the dusk the scene changes. As the last rays of the setting sun gild the heights of the islands the glow of lights from one island is soon followed by a bright response from another, then still another, each island marked by a distinctive device in colored lights, until the spectacle must rival that of old Venice in the carnival season.

The most thrilling ride of this delightful Tour is still before us, the **daylight ride down the St. Lawrence to Montreal.**

Leaving the wharf at Thousand Island Park early in the morning, July 18th, breakfast that morning being served on board the steamer.

Scattering islands, many of them quite as wild as when the white man first voy-



Among the Thousand Islands.

aged here, are passed all the way down to Brockville, where the Thousand Island system terminates in a group called the "Three Sisters."

Brockville is a substantial Canadian city of 7,000 people. It is one hundred and twenty-six miles from Montreal by the river. One notes the large number of fine private properties along the rugged river front, both above and below the town. Immediately opposite is the American town of Morristown.

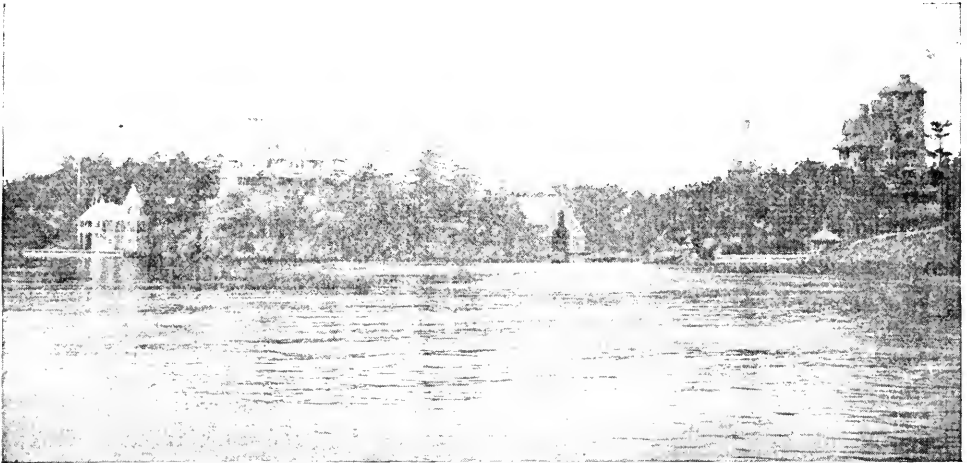
Fourteen miles beyond, the Canadian town of Prescott and the American city of Ogdensburg stand *vis-a-vis* upon the banks of the river. Prescott has a population of about 3,000, and bears the solid air for which all Canadian towns are famous.

Ogdensburg, the largest and most affluent place in northern New York, merits more than a passing notice. It is the focal point of three lines of railroads, and a depot for a vast transshipment of grain and lumber from the West.

Five miles below Ogdensburg is Chimney Island, where vestiges of French forti-

fications still exist, and immediately below are the first of the series of rapids, the Gallopes, and shortly thereafter the Rapide de Plat is met. Neither of these swift places are especially exciting, but they serve as a preliminary to the great Long Sault (pronounced long sou), which is next in order. A long reach of smooth water intervenes, however, during which we pass the small American town of Waddington and the attractive Canadian city of Morrisburg. Just below this place is the battlefield of Chrisler's Farm, where an engagement occurred in 1813, between British and American forces, while the latter were marching to the capture of Montreal and Quebec.

Below this point the steamer, well fitted for her daily task of breasting the wild surges of the rapids, turns in the swift current, and a mile ahead the passengers see



Among the Thousand Islands.

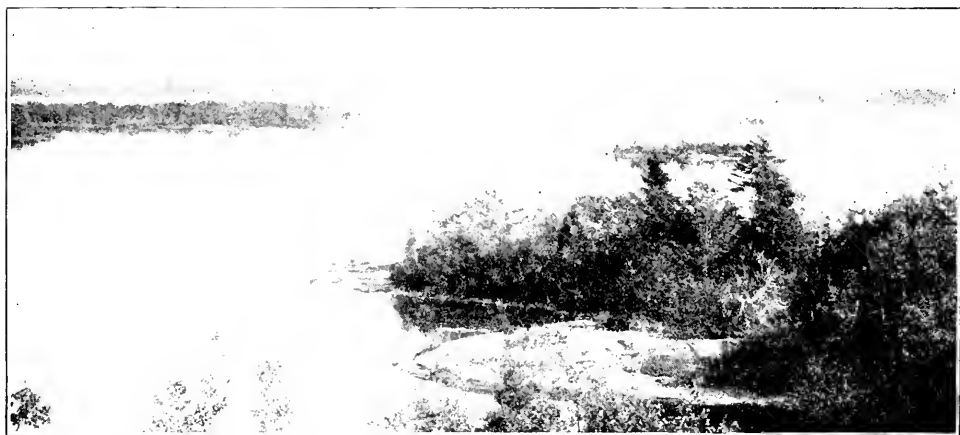
the white, stormy waters of the Long Sault stretching from shore to shore. Now the real fun begins. There is a sudden hush to the monotone of the steamer's pulsations. We are in the grasp of the current. Extra men are at the wheel, and others are aft in charge of a spare tiller. If you are inclined to be nervous now, remember that steamers have been going down here ever since 1840, and no passenger vessel has ever been wrecked in the rapids.

The first plunge is over a cascade at "the cellar," and is exhilarating. We are no sooner into the vast expanse of broken waters than fresh sensations await us. Look at the shore! My, how we slide along. Now across our way a vast green billow, like the oncoming surge of the ocean upon soundings after a nor'easter, disputes our passage. It is of the beautiful green where the sunlight shows through its wedge-like cap that one sees upon the coral beds of Nassau, or at the deep centre of the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara, or in drug-store jars. It does not rise and fall, advance and

recede. It simply stands there forever, a vast wall of water through which we cleave our way with a fierce, brief struggle, only to meet a second, a third, a fourth like wave beyond. Guide books have falsely told a generation that the Long Sault is nine miles in length. It is supposable that the first guide-book writer was told this by a reckless deckhand, and recording it, it has been taken as gospel by every subsequent cribbing guide-book writer who has touched upon the subject.

The veritable rapids are scarce a mile and a half in length, but there is a continuance of reasonably swift water for several miles further. The actual fight between the steamer and the angry billows is over in less than three minutes.

As the good steamer emerges upon the broad Lake St. Francis, dinner is announced, and the reader may safely forego his outlook for a time, as the transit of the lake will occupy an hour and a half at least, as it is 25 miles long.



Among the Thousand Islands.

Over upon the left shore of the lake stands the village of Lancaster, and when the river tires of its breathing spell, while loitering in the guise of a lake, and resolves to be a river once more, it is dashed off impetuously just after leaving the village of Coteau du Lac, which you have just seen peeping above the trees, and carries us head-long down the "Coteau Rapids," which are about two miles long, then the "Cedars," three miles, and the "Cascades," of which the Split Rock Rapid is the most formidable and dangerous looking. At the Coteau we pass under the great international bridge recently completed. There is enough, indeed, within the score of miles covering this part of the day's experience to afford excitement and interest for a year of ordinary travel. The village at the foot of the Cascades is Beauharnois, and now a second lake is met, as if the river dreaded the final plunge down the famous Lachine.

"There's Mount Royal," says a passenger, as we sit upon the forward deck.

We see in the blue distance its bold outline traced against the mellow northern

sky, the profile of the promontory, and from its base, a thin, wide cloud of smoke drifting away from the city of Montreal. Smoke escaping from a thousand chimneys, the funnels of great steamships, and all the fuel-consuming devices of a great industrial centre.

Onward forges our speedy craft, and ere long the troubled waters of Lachine are seen far ahead, a snowy breastwork across our path. The lake is again a river. We are abreast the village of Lachine, where the canal from Montreal debouchés into the St. Lawrence. The muddy Ottawa pours its tide into the pure blue waters in which we have voyaged since morning, as the Missouri pollutes the Mississippi.

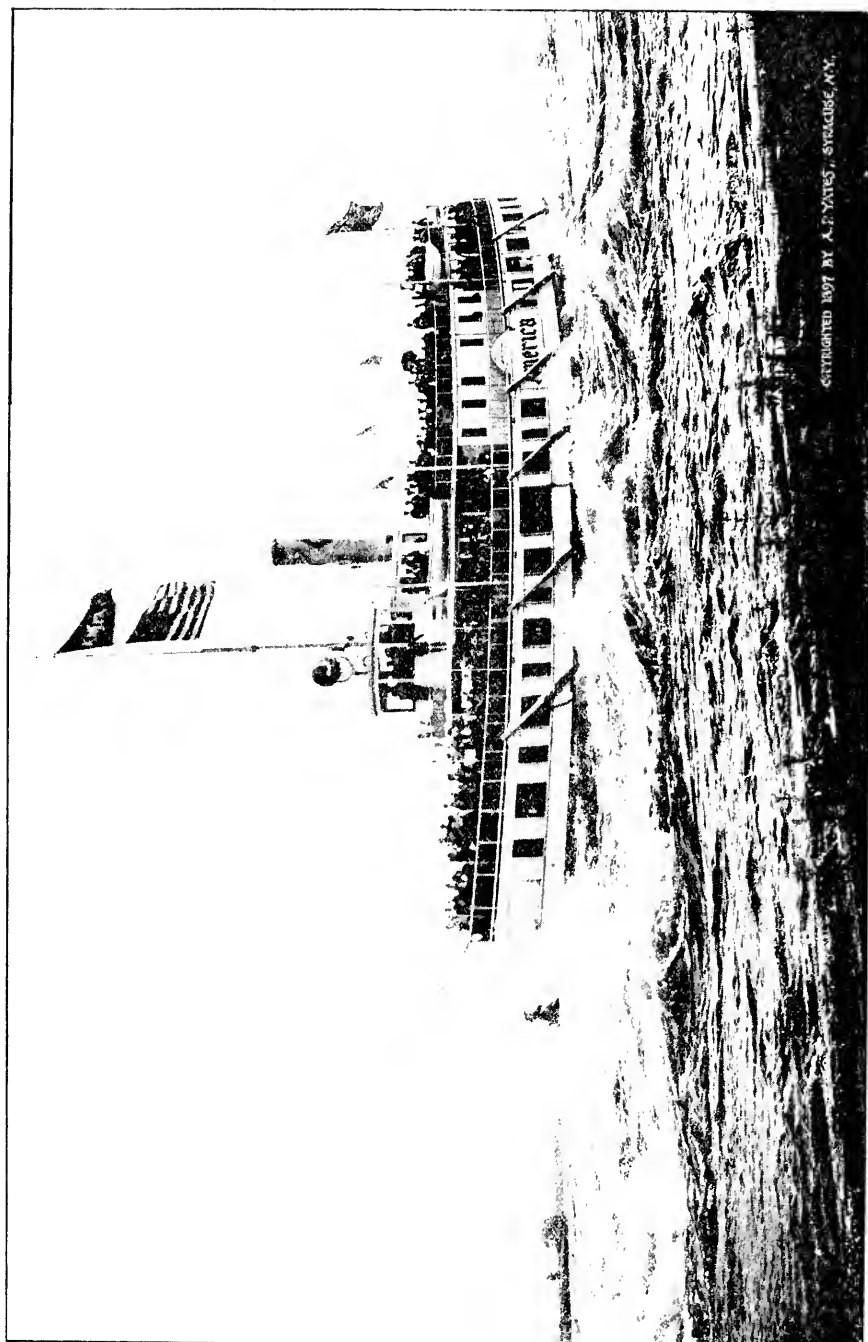
A little while later and we are in the vortex. The current grows swifter and swifter. All the bosom of the river is covered with reefs and rocks. All the mighty



One of the Thousand Island Channels.

outpouring of the stream is pent up in a single channel. The boat heads this way and that, then the bottom of the river seems to fall out. Down we plunge! and onward, straight toward a rocky islet! Which side? Just as destruction seems imminent, the vessel sweeps round to the right and shoots like an arrow between two sunken ledges. We are through, and may look back up the watery hill we have descended, and admire the courage of the men who first navigated this wonderful channel.

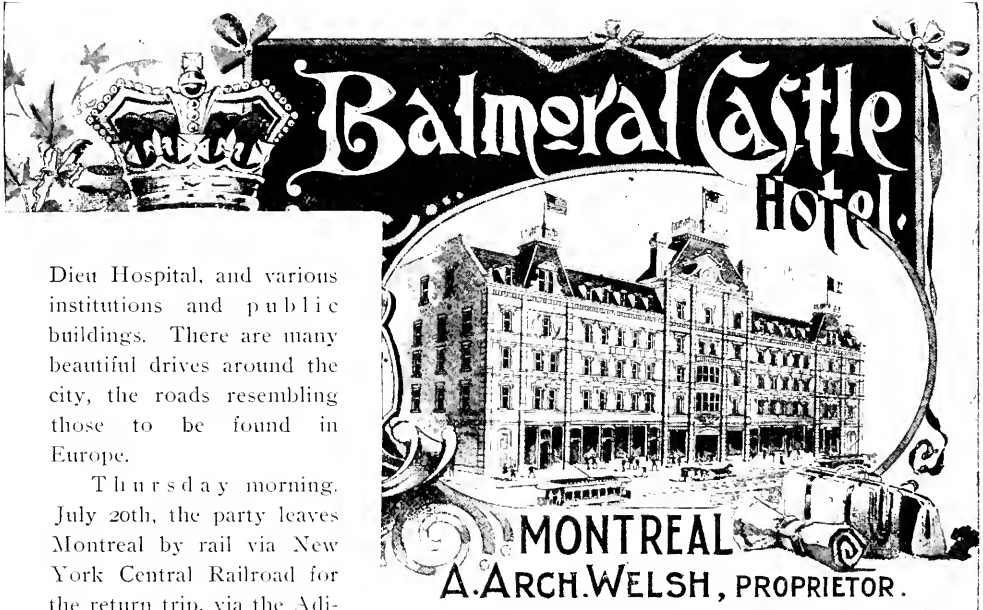
The once marvelous Victoria Bridge comes into view. In a few moments we steam beneath it and swing around the dangerous shoals that bar the terminus of deep water navigation, and heading up stream are speedily at the lock, within which the steamer rises to the upper level, and we are then speedily transferred to the Balmoral Castle Hotel, Montreal, one of the very best in the city, which is to be the headquarters of the party until Thursday morning, July 20th. The entire day (July 19th) being free for sightseeing in and around Montreal.



ENLIGHTENED 1897 BY A. P. YATES, STONING, N.Y.

SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Montreal is the metropolis of British North America, and a city of great interest to the tourist both in winter and summer. Its population is made up of French and English people, the former predominating. There are many attractions, and the view to be had from the summit of Mount Royal is one of the greatest. Among points of interest are the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the English Cathedral, the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, Bonsecours Market, the Court House, Custom House, Hotel



Balmoral Castle Hotel.

MONTREAL
A. ARCH. WELSH, PROPRIETOR.

Dieu Hospital, and various institutions and public buildings. There are many beautiful drives around the city, the roads resembling those to be found in Europe.

Thursday morning, July 20th, the party leaves Montreal by rail via New York Central Railroad for the return trip, via the Adirondack Mountains. After a short run the train goes humming through the mountains.

The Adirondack Mountains occupy an area of 1,400 square miles in the north eastern part of New York State, lying in the counties of Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, St. Lawrence, Franklin, Clinton, Fulton, Oneida, Saratoga, Washington, Essex, and Warren.

The Adirondack Plateau or mountain region proper has a general elevation of about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is traversed by five distinct mountain ranges with well defined intervening valleys. Over 1,300 lakes and mountain ponds are scattered throughout its area, while from its central watershed twenty rivers diverge in every direction.

This famous and interesting territory is separated into two great sections known as the mountain region and the lake region. The mountain belt occupies the eastern and southern part of the plateau, while the lake region stretches itself over the western and northwestern part.



Adirondack Scenery.

THE MOUNTAIN REGION.

This mountain belt, whose greatest width is about 40 miles, extends from Lake Champlain in a south-westerly direction. Five separate mountain chains, or ranges, run parallel with each other through the entire belt, at a distance of seven or eight miles apart. The first of these ranges encountered on the east is the Luzerne range, which begins at Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain, and running southward encircles Lake George, crosses the Hudson at Glens Falls and disappears in the hills near Saratoga. The next range to the westward is that of the Kayaderosseras, which extends from Crown Point, through Warren County, ending in the lowlands of Saratoga. The third chain is known as the Schroom range, and extends from Westport through Essex and Warren Counties, and ends in the valley of the Mohawk. Next, and still to the westward, is the Boquet range, which starts also from Lake

Champlain, and crossing the centre of Essex County, extends through the southwestern part of Hamilton County, along the border of the east Canada Creek. The fifth range starts at Port Kent, on Lake Champlain, runs straight through Essex, Herkimer, and Hamilton Counties to the Mohawk River, where it terminates in the rocky scenery at Little Falls. This chain is more than 100 miles in length, and is the backbone of the Adirondack Mountains, its ridge dividing the watershed of the St. Lawrence from that of the Hudson and Champlain.

THE LAKE REGION,

Or second grand division referred to, stretches westward from the base of the main Adirondack range to the borders of the forest, a distance of 50 miles. It includes the tract lying north and west of a line drawn from the Fulton chain, through the Raquette and Long Lakes to the Saranacs. This network of lakes and ponds is a wonderful and attractive feature of the great wilderness, adding a rare diversity to the scenery. They are so closely connected that trips of 100 miles can be made in guide boats, the water journey being broken only by short "carries" seldom exceeding two miles in length. These water-routes, combined with mountain trips and Adirondack stage rides, make this region a perpetual delight to the summer tourist. Nowhere else in the world is there such a combination of wild, grand scenery, and delightful, easy travel, lying at the very threshold of civilization.

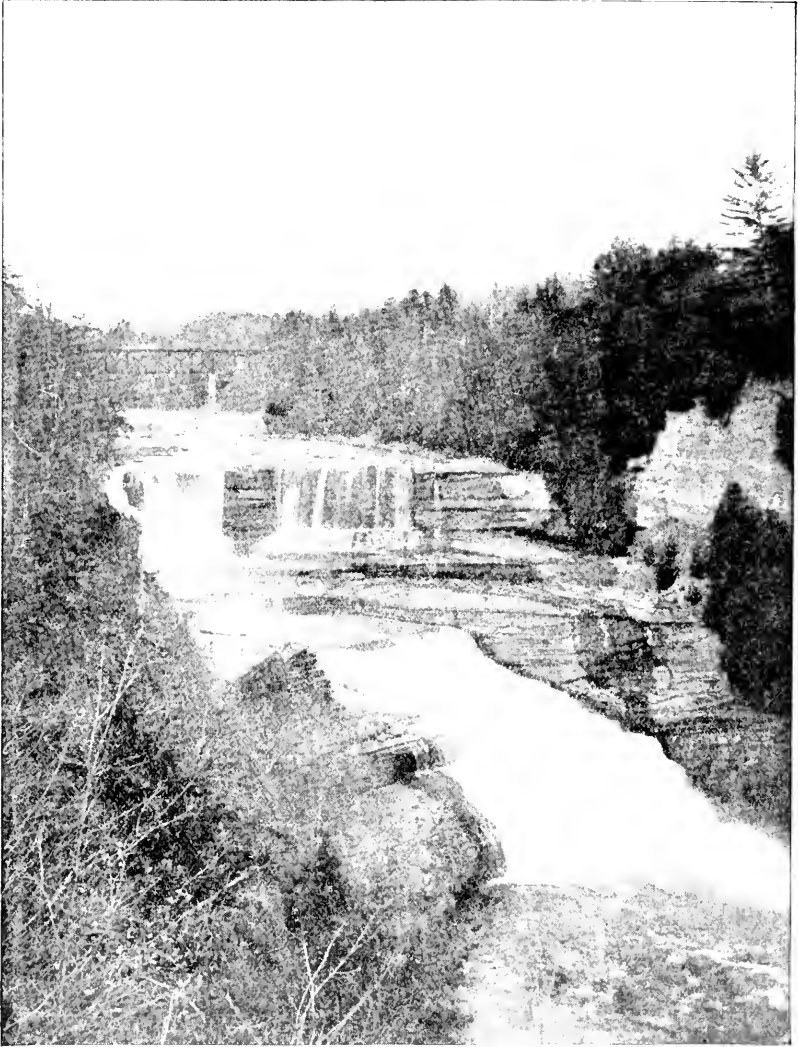
Our only stop in the Adirondacks will be at Trenton Falls.

TRENTON FALLS.

In scenery Trenton Falls is the rarest combination of the beautiful and grand. It possesses the beauty and grace one misses at Niagara, and the grandeur and strength so lacking at Watkins and Havana.

Rev. David Spencer, of Scranton, Pa., after viewing the falls for the first time in the summer of 1887, said: "Many persons pass through, and perhaps some dwell in Utica, who have never seen the Trenton Falls. For the information of such, especially the following description is written of a recent trip through this succession of beautiful surprises: Leaving Moore's Hotel, with cane in hand, we passed through the woods a hundred yards, and reached the top of what is known as the lower stairway. Descending this at easy stages, we passed down 127 steps into the great flume. On either side, as if laid by mason's hand, the walls of Trenton limestone towered above 150 feet or more. Through this flume the Kanata River (the Indians called it *Kauyahoorá*, meaning leaping water) passes over this rocky bed, while we, to view the beauties of its falls, pass up along its water over a pavement of flagstone, laid by nature herself, solid, even, and deep. We pause ever and anon to admire the flowers, ferns, and mosses which adorn the wall of this old gray glen. A walk of a few steps brings us to the narrows, where the waters are crowded into a limited channel and rush along with great force. You hear the roar of falls near by, but cannot see them, for, as you look up the gorge, the bold face of a solid rock, forty feet high, extending as far as

you can see, entirely across the chasm, greets your gaze. You turn a point and off at one side you come upon the first, or Sherman Fall, named after Rev. John Sherman,



Trenton Falls.

who made this spot a public resort. This fall has made for itself a semi-circular alcove, into which it leaps to a depth of forty feet. Climbing the stair-like steps cut

out of the solid rock, aided by a chain fastened by strong staples, you pass around the circular gorge the fall has worn out under the shelving wall, and stand by the precipice over which the fall plunges with deafening roar. We reach a point where we can look over the Sherman, down through the chasm to the narrows several hundred yards. It is an impressive scene; but turning our back upon this great hallway of the waters, we round the point, and instantaneously we are charmed with the sight of the High Falls. Awe-inspired and surprised we stand and take in the marvelous view. It is a picture in water-colors, framed in rock, fringed with greenness, spangled with wild flowers, and canopied by the blue vault of heaven. This fall is triple and has a leap of seventy feet. Passing up to it you seem to have entered a three-story palace. The leap to the ground floor is over a perpendicular height. Climbing to the second floor you see the water passing down over a terraced-like slope in a foam of whiteness like alabaster. Thence up to the third floor, where the great plunge is made. Here the water, at one part of the falls, passes in solid volume, having the color of amber, which in the sunlight is singularly beautiful, looking like a cascade of melted topaz, while at other places the water passes as a thin, silvery sheet, like a bridal veil of beauty. As you sit under the shadow of the great overhanging walls and look upon the cataract, the sunlight falls with delicious effect upon the waters. You listen entranced to the diapason of this great organ in nature's cathedral glen, while you get an imposing idea of power, beauty, and harmony, and even of fury. Sitting in silence we gazed upon these falls, and down into the chasm filled with spray, arched by a most magnificent rainbow, and we allowed the glory of the whole scene to infiltrate our minds, until we thought of that new 'song,' which is as the voice of many waters, 'yet sweet as harpers harping with their harps.' Passing above we come to the Milldam Fall. A few rods beyond we come to the Alhambra Cascade, a marvel of uniqueness and beauty. We enter its domain through a walled gateway of rock, rounded as if by an artist's skill. Here the waters leap and foam and play, much to the pleasure of the observer. Just beyond this is a peculiar column-like rock crowned with capital, and bearing above it an immense wall of stone, into whose cleft trees have rooted themselves, and tower-like spire towards the sky. Walking on, we pass through the Rocky Heart, and a real gem to look upon, and thence on until we climb the steps of the upper stairway to the cliff. A mile beyond this, at Prospect, is another fall, entirely different from any we have passed. Over the face of a solid wall of rock, fully 100 feet in width, passes the water, behind whose veil-like thinness the layers of Trenton limestone are distinctly seen.

"Retracing our steps, we take the upper path through the native forest which skirts the long chasm, back to the hotel for rest and recuperation, as well as to think over the beauties of this one of nature's masterpieces in the magnificent work with which her galleries are adorned. Lovers of the beautiful and picturesque in nature should not pass unvisited these lovely Falls."

After the visit at Trenton Falls the New York Central train is again taken for a short run to Geneva, there to connect with the Lehigh Valley train for Philadelphia, arriving at the Reading Terminal Station at 7.48 A. M., July 21st.

We are able to quote the following remarkably *low rates* for this delightful Tour:

Trip A.—Holder of "A" tickets is entitled to *one Double Berth* in Standard Pullman Palace Sleeper between Philadelphia and Niagara Falls going, and between Geneva, N. Y., and Philadelphia, returning; one berth in *Outside State-room* on Lake and Georgian Bay steamers, and all necessary expenses of the Tour as outlined on the preceding pages, \$81.50

Trip B.—Holder of "B" tickets is entitled to *one Half Berth* in Standard Pullman Palace Sleeper between Philadelphia and Niagara Falls going, and between Geneva, N. Y., and Philadelphia returning; one berth in *Inside State-room* on Lake and Georgian Bay steamers, and all necessary expenses as outlined on the preceding pages, \$79.25

The rates named include railroad tickets from Philadelphia to Detroit, steamship tickets from Detroit to Mackinac Island, and from Mackinac Island through Georgian Bay to Collingwood; R. R. ticket from Collingwood to the Thousand Islands; steamer ticket from the Thousand Islands to Montreal; R. R. ticket from Montreal through the Adirondacks to Philadelphia. The rates named also include Pullman accommodations and state-rooms on steamers as indicated, all meals en route, all hotel bills, the side Trip to the "Soo" Locks—in short, *every necessary expense for the entire Tour*.

It will be observed, from careful reading of this Itinerary, that only the *best* Hotels have been engaged, insuring first-class accommodations throughout the entire Tour.

REMEMBER that the number for this Tour is positively **limited to 100 people**. We have state-room accommodations for only 100, so that the number that can be registered is limited necessarily. "First come, first served," of course.

ADVANCE PAYMENT.—When registering for the Tour an advance payment of five dollars (\$5.00) is required, on account, the balance, according to trip selected, to be paid on or before June 28th, when all tickets and "Little Red Book" of coupons, covering entire Tour, will be ready for delivery.

An official railroad and steamer schedule for the entire Tour will be mailed, in due time, to every one registering.

Address (or call),

W. A. Gillespie,

639-643 N. Broad St., Phila., Pa.

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA '97 ECHO.

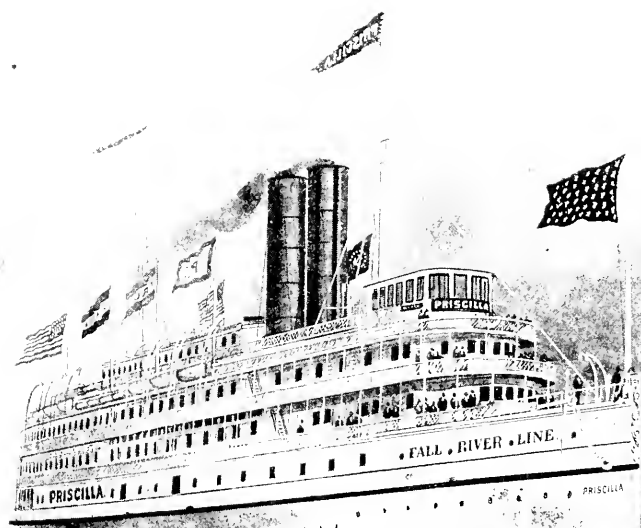
"It gives me much pleasure to state, for the benefit of my friends and others who are contemplating a trip to Los Angeles, California, to attend the National Educational Association's Convention in that city during next July, that Mr. W. A. Gillespie, of 639 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, with great success, personally conducted the Mammoth '97 San Francisco' Christian Endeavor Excursion, (which I enjoyed very much), and will, this summer, run a similar excursion from Philadelphia and intermediate points to the Educational Convention. Every proposition or inducement he may offer in his circulars he will carry out to the letter.

"Railroad companies will sell you a ticket of transportation at certain scheduled prices and agree to carry you to your destination safely and as quickly as possible. Mr. Gillespie, however, did much better by us than that. He did not only carry us safely and speedily at very much reduced railroad fares, but he also had, at all times, our individual interests at heart; he made it his business to give us the best of everything that could be had, and have us see all there was to be seen. His thorough acquaintance with every inch of interesting territory along the route enabled him to so plan the movements of his trains that we missed nothing that was good or that was worth seeing. At certain points of *special* interest we would stop over just long enough to relieve traveling fatigue, and enjoy small side trips, such as a run up the charming, silvery Clear Creek Cañon in Colorado, an ascent to the top of old Pike's Peak, as well as baths in the refreshing water of Great Salt Lake, and in the pools of the Hot Springs, at Glenwood, Colorado—treats which no one can afford to miss on his first trip to the Pacific Coast. Nothing to him was too much trouble to make his party comfortable and contented. He always gladly listened to any complaints about train hands or sleeping-car accommodations, and speedily adjusted the difficulty if it lay in his power to do so. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Gillespie for the satisfactory and successful management of his excursions."

Respectfully,

H. S. BISSEY, M. D.

1630 NORTH SIXTEENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
APRIL 18th, 1899.



THEO FANSLING

TOUR No. 3.

The White Mountains and the Coast of Maine.

ONE of the most delightful "Short Trips" and at the same time one that is usually expensive (*this* one is an exception, however) is that tour which makes the White Mountains the centre of attraction, visiting incidentally Boston, Mass., and Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

This is the Trip selected for our Tour No. 3, for the summer of '99.

The party (the number being limited to 50 persons) will leave the Reading Terminal, Twelfth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Monday, August 14th, at 1.30 P. M., for New York City, there boarding one of the magnificent Fall River Line steamers, leaving the wharf at 5.30 P. M., for the delightful ride across Long Island Sound. At 9 A. M., August 15th, after a short railway journey from Fall River, Mass., the party arrives in Boston, where the American House will be our headquarters. The party will remain in Boston until the morning of the 17th, for two full days can be most delightfully spent in this wonderful city. The many places of historic interest in Boston and vicinity are too well known to make detailed mention at all necessary.

On the morning of Thursday, August 17th, the party will leave Boston, en route to the White Mountains, a stop for dinner being made at Plymouth, N. H., the Gateway to the White Mountains. The Pemigewasset House will serve the dinner.

Plymouth, N. H., may be said to lay fairly within the gateway of the White Mountains region on the west. Situated near the junction of the Pemigewasset and Baker's Rivers, it is indeed a beautiful New England village, in the midst of most attractive scenery; nor is it without an interesting history of its own. In one of its ancient buildings the voice of the young lawyer, Daniel Webster, was heard making his first plea before a jury. Its territory has witnessed many fierce conflicts between its white settlers and the native Indians, for Indian villages were once more numerous about here than are white residents at the present day. In the great hotel here, Nathaniel Hawthorne met his death in 1864. Though not large in population the place is a considerable trade centre, and has some manufacturers that have become celebrated in every mart in the Northern United States.

The mountain scenery about Plymouth is notably attractive. In the near neighborhood is Mount Monadnock, and lofty peaks loom skyward all the way round from this elevation to Mount Moosilauke. The opening into the Pemigewasset Valley is a doorway of the town, so to speak; while beyond is Mount Prospect, from which the Franconia and White Mountains, Osceola and White Face, the Squam Range, some

Sandwich peaks, with the waters of Squam Lake and Winnepesaukee outspread in the intervals, form a succession of grandest features in the landscapes.

After several hours of delightful mountain travel we arrive at "Fabyan's."

So far as "the hearing of the ear" is concerned, "Fabyan's" is one of the best known of all White Mountains localities to the general public. The origin of the present establishment to be found there is as follows:

Previous to the year 1837 a hotel had stood upon, or near, the site of the present Fabyan House. In that year came to the mountains Mr. Fabyan—who died some time in the '70's—previously a market-keeper in Portland, and he became possessed of the hotel, with about 250 acres of the original Crawford lands, in the midst of which it stood. This hotel was burned in 1853. For a dozen or more years thereafter the site remained empty, and then the present Fabyan House was built.

The site of the Fabyan House is upon the crest of what was known a half century since as the "Giant's Grave." This was an eminence 300 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 50 feet high, smoothly rounded, and in shape like a well-kept grave-mound. The scientific theory is that this mound was formed by the action of inland or ocean waters, which gradually detached and washed away the loose earth from about the more rocky, firm locality, and left the "grave" smooth and rounded by their action of centuries. Within the memory of the older denizens of the mountains, the Giant's Grave and the view from its top presented a far different appearance from any now obtaining. Then the neighboring hills and lands were covered by a dense and heavy tree growth.

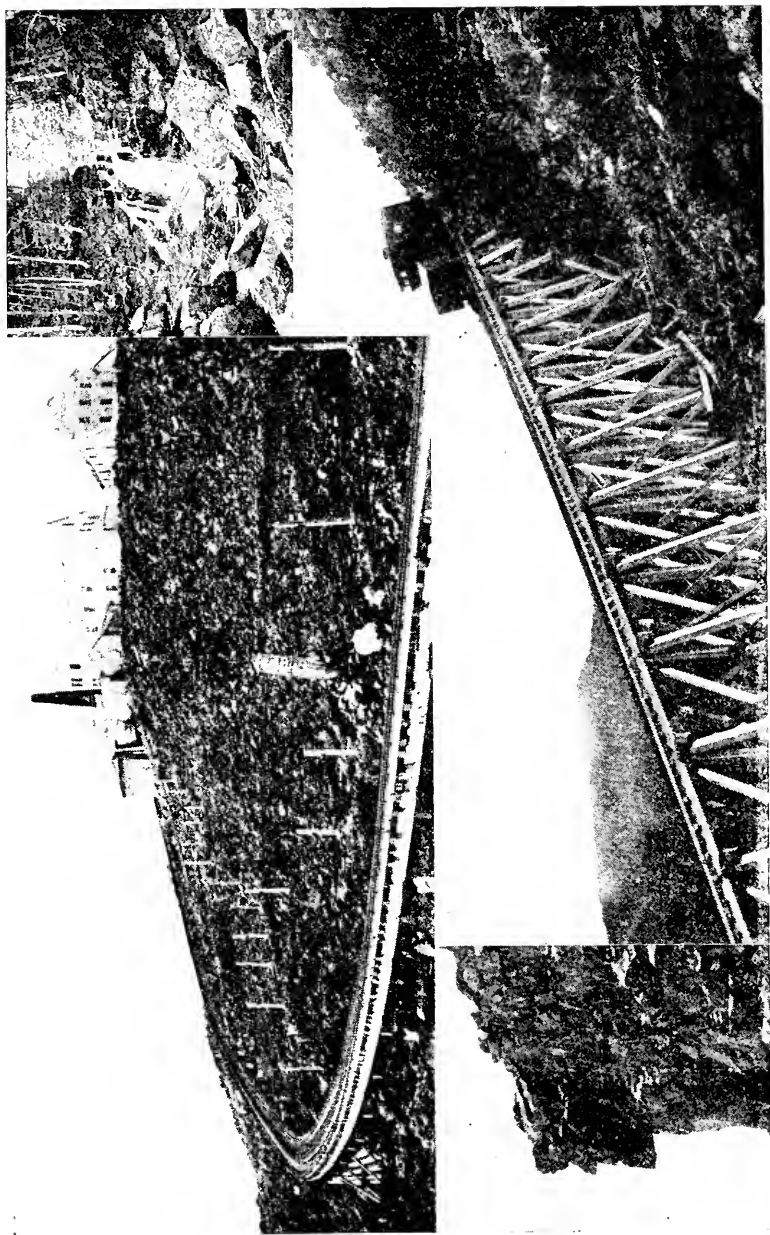
About 20 feet of the Giant's Grave were shaved off in preparing for the foundations of the present hotel. The house itself is of excellent interior, roomy, well-ventilated, and perfectly drained. The Fabyan farm occupies the interval, and on all sides are the features of modern hotel establishment which mark the caravansary of the present day. Directly in front is the union depot of the Concord & Montreal and Maine Central Railroads—in fact, this is *the* railroad centre of the mountains. The trains running to the base of Mount Washington find here their starting point, and these connect directly with the trains of the Mount Washington Railway. On every side are drives and walks, the ample stables of the Fabyan affording always means for transportation to any part not covered by the railway lines.

"Fabyan's" is always an animated locality. As it is the centre of travel for the mountains, so it is the centre of visitation also; and few travelers visit the region, or sojourn within it, who are not at some time guests at Fabyan's. All roads in the mountains lead thither, and the great central office hall—60 feet square—of the hotel is a grand rendezvous for the summer population.

The party will arrive at Fabyan's in the afternoon of August 17th (Thursday), remaining until the next afternoon, when Mount Washington is to be scaled.

MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

This remarkable triumph of engineering skill, extending from the base to the summit of Mount Washington, now renders a trip to the summit accessible to everybody, and the fatigues attendant upon mountain climbing are here a thing of the past.



UP MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The novel road is constructed with an extra or centre toothed rail, into which the cog wheel of the engine "meshes," and the train is thus enabled to climb the grade, as no ordinary engine could possibly do. The trip occupies about an hour and a half, and it is needless to say that the views afforded from the train are surpassingly grand. Each train consists of one engine and a single car, the engine being always below the car, to push in the upward journey and to hold it back in the descent. The safety appliances on the train are such that an accident is well-nigh impossible, and not a passenger has ever been injured in all the years the road has been in operation.

The traveler will note the changes in vegetation as the altitude increases, the heavy forests giving way to stunted shrubs, and these in turn to mosses and lichens, while at the summit the bare and desolate rock gives an idea of arctic climate, which indeed does prevail the larger part of the year.

The Summit House furnishes shelter to the visitor, whether his stay be for a few hours only, or for days or weeks. The view from the summit is indescribable. Its immensity is at first overwhelming. The line of vision bounds a circle nearly a thousand miles in circumference; and within that circle are lakes, rivers, mountains, valleys, dark forests, smiling villages, and in fact an almost endless variety of scenery, ever changing as the gaze is directed to the different points of the compass. In a clear day the distant glimmer of the Atlantic may be seen, off Portland harbor, to the southeast. In the opposite direction, the horizon is broken by the Green Mountains of Vermont, with a glimpse of the remote Adirondacks in New York. All around are lakes, mountains, rivers, and villages. The view is greeted with a new picture at every turn, and as the eye learns to distinguish distances it gradually dawns upon you that you stand over a mile and a third above the level of the sea, at the highest altitude attainable in New England without the aid of a balloon.

Thursday night will be spent on the summit at the "Summit House," so that the coveted vision of sunrise on Mount Washington may be obtained.

The following description of a sunrise on Mount Washington is from the pen of the author of "The Switzerland of America:"

"The grand, culminating view from this lofty point of observation is to be had at the rising of the sun. . . . At early dawn the inmates of the house are roused, and such as choose to do so arise and dress, and take their position on the platform east of the building, to watch for the first appearance of the 'golden orb of day.' Beneath you the valleys are still in slumber, and a deep gloom is spread over all, in sharp contrast with the light of dawn which already illumines the mountain peaks around you. Banks of mist here and there indicate the location of bodies of water, and possibly overhanging clouds may partially hide some of the mountain summits from view. All eyes are turned expectantly toward the east, which is beginning to show a faint rosy tinge, deepening every moment till it reaches a crimson or perhaps a golden hue, a fitting couch from which the brilliant day-king is about to spring forth upon his glorious reign. Suddenly one point in the eastern horizon grows more intensely bright than all the rest, and the disc of the sun is then discernible, quickly increasing in proportions until the broad face of the great luminary so dazzles the eye as to compel a withdrawal

of the gaze. Looking then into the valleys below, the effect is transcendently beautiful. While the spectator is bathed in the full golden sunshine, the sombre shadows are just beginning to flit away, presenting in the strongest possible manner the contrasts of light and shade; and not until some minutes have elapsed does the new-born day reach down into the deepest valleys to drive forth the lingering remnants of night."

Late in the forenoon, Friday, August 18th, the party return to "Fabyan's" for dinner, and in the afternoon leaves "Fabyan's" again for the Crawford House, at the



Crawford Notch, White Mountains.

famous Crawford Notch, where we are to remain for two and one-half days, spending Sunday, August 20th, at this point.

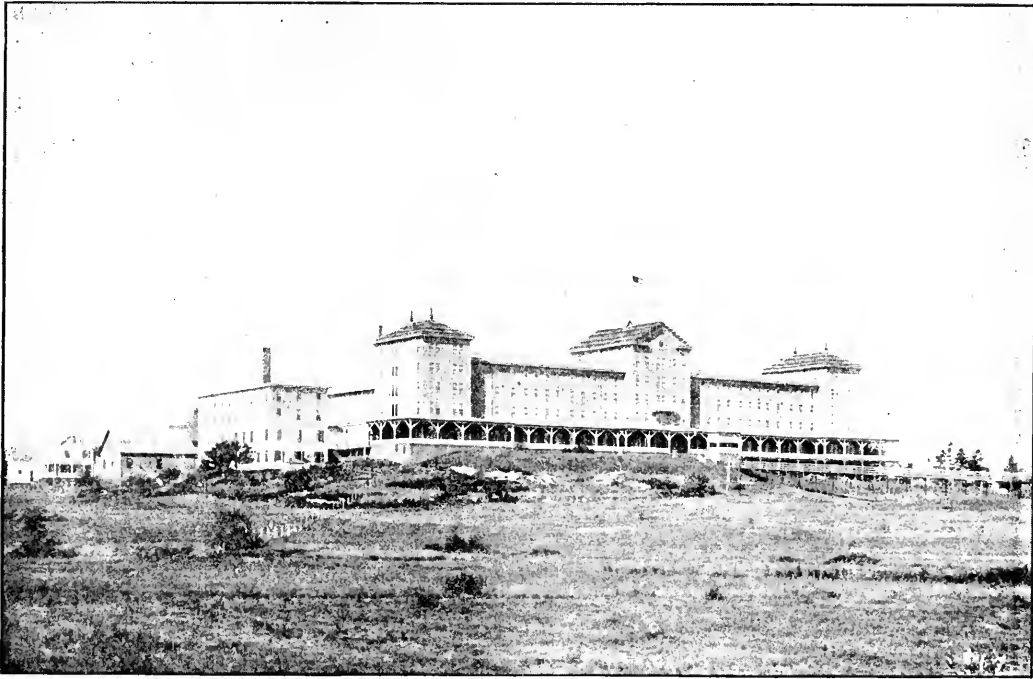
The Crawford House is one of the very finest in all New England, and situated as it is in the very choicest of the White Mountains region, one can readily imagine how delightful a resort it must be.

Monday morning, August 21st, the party will leave Crawfords for the ride to Portland and Old Orchard Beach, Maine. Portland is reached early in the afternoon, and then it is but a short run to Old Orchard Beach, where the party will remain for

three and one-half days, with the superb Old Orchard House for hotel headquarters. The Old Orchard House is by far the finest hotel on the beach. The reader has doubtless noted, ere this, that *only the best of everything* has been provided for the Tour.

The coast of Maine is abundantly rich in all that goes to make a complete summer resort. Speaking of Casco Bay, of which the harbor of the City of Portland forms a part, the following extract from the pen of Edward H. Elwell, in his admirably written work entitled *Portland and Vicinity*, will be found truthful and concise, and conveys as well as words can, some conception of these beautiful resorts by the sea:

"Here is a little bay, extending from Cape Elizabeth to Cape Small Point, a dis-



Old Orchard House, Old Orchard, Maine.

tance of about 18 miles, with a depth of about 12 miles, more thickly studded with islands than any water of like extent on the coast of the United States, there being something over 300 islands in Casco Bay. Unlike the low sandy islands of the Massachusetts coast, these are of the most picturesque forms, while bold headlands and peninsulas jut far out into the waters. There is the greatest possible variety in the form and grouping of these islands. Some lie in clusters, some are coupled together by connecting sandbars, bare at low water, while others are solitary and alone. Nearly all of them are indented with beautiful coves, and crowned with a mingled growth of maple, oak, beech, pine, and fir, extending often to the water's edge, and reflected in many a deep inlet and winding channel. In the thick covert of the firs

and spruces are many green, sunny spots, as sheltered and remote as if far inland, while beneath the wide-spreading oaks and beeches are pleasant walks and open glades.

"For the most part they rise like mounds of verdure from the sea, forest-crowned, and from their summits one may behold on the one hand the waves of the Atlantic, breaking almost at his feet, and on the other, the placid waters of the bay, spangled by multitudinous gems of emerald, while in the dim distance he discerns, on the horizon, the sublime peaks of the White Mountains. It is impossible to conceive of any combination of scenery more charming, more romantic, more captivating to the eye, or more suggestive to the imagination."

Extending east from the Saco River, along the shores of Saco Bay, is Old Orchard Beach, the longest and widest solid sand beach on the Atlantic Coast. It is seven miles long and thirty rods wide, making a natural driving course and promenade, which, in summer, is thronged with vehicles and pedestrians. As the beach is hard and smooth, and the ocean free from treacherous under-currents, surf bathing here is free from danger—even children can bathe in safety.

From the earliest history of the country, Old Orchard has been favorably known as a health resort; and since 1840, when it was opened to the public by the establishment of the Old Orchard House, it has annually increased in public popularity, and records among its patrons the most distinguished names on this continent.

The present spacious Old Orchard House was erected in 1876. It has ample accommodations for 500 guests, and is fitted with all modern inventions for their convenience and comfort. Electric bells and speaking tubes for all rooms, passenger elevator, telegraph office, etc. The Staples family has been identified with the hotel interests of Old Orchard for more than half a century.

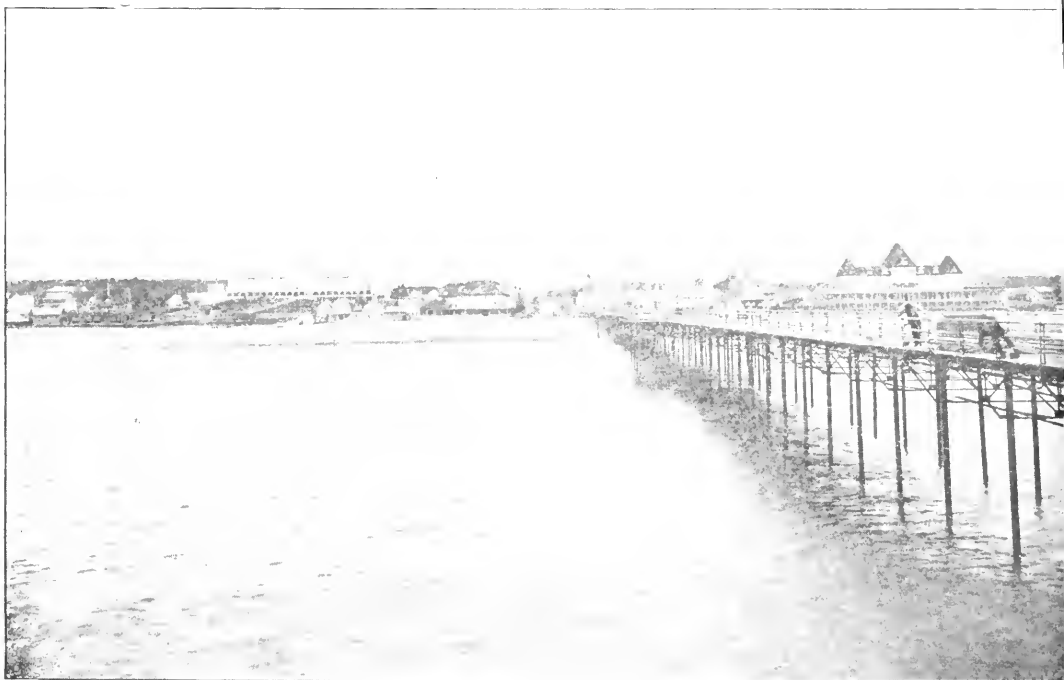
This house stands upon an eminence about fifty rods from the ocean, to which leads a broad plank promenade. It overlooks the bay, bordered by beach and studded by green islands, and the surrounding country of forest, fields, and flourishing farms. From the eastern piazza the view is especially grand and impressive. From the wave-beaten beach the blue ocean broadens out till, in the dissolving distance, it mellows into sky. Before the vision are passing the swift-winged craft of pleasure, the steam-propelled palaces of travel, and white-robed ships of commerce bearing, from country to country, an exchange of thoughts and commodities, continually traveling upon this broad, swelling highway of nations.

The New Steel Pier at Old Orchard Beach is one of the finest in the world and the longest in this country. It is 1,770 feet in length, and will furnish all the conveniences for boating and fishing to make this one of the very best on the coast for water sports. It will be open at all times for promenading at a moderate admission fee, and music will be furnished through the busy parts of the day and evening.

At low tide Old Orchard Beach is a solid sand surface for many miles, and thousands here assemble to enjoy the salubrious air and gayety of the scene. Pensive pedestrians, joyous children, poetic lovers, meditative scientists, health-seeking invalids, and family-filled equipages throng this wonderful, wave-washed highway, and the surf is alive with jubilant bathers, for whose accommodation, in close proximity to the water, the Old Orchard Bathing Pavilion has been erected.

When standing upon the roof of the Old Orchard House, the spires of Portland twelve miles away, are distinctly seen against the eastern sky. In the same direction are seen Cape Elizabeth and Prout's Neck boldly pushing out of their rock-bound shores against the dashing ocean. Standing above the distant blue hills in the west, like a gray old sentinel, is seen Mount Washington; and on the south the dark pines of Wood Island seem to arise from the waters, and its light-house, from sunset till sunrise, flashes out its cheering rays to guide the wave-tossed mariner on his pathless voyage.

The property of the Old Orchard House, and a short distance from it, is a dense



Old Orchard House, from the West, Showing New Steel Pier.

forest of evergreen and deciduous trees, standing in natural grandeur, with strong arms interlocked as if defying the vandal axe which laid low their early contemporaries. In this unmarred forest are found many of the native wild flowers of Maine. Here, like a cluster of corals in a setting of emerald, grows the bright bunchberry, and the glossy-petaled partridge vine and the sweet, tiny twin flower entwine the moss-covered knolls. The modest violet, the delicate star flower, and the fragrant checkerberry flourish here, and from the abundance of lichens this primeval retreat has been appropriately called Fern Park.

ATTRACTIONS AT OLD ORCHARD.

Old Orchard affords unparalleled facilities for inexpensive excursions. Besides the pleasure of boating, there is that of inland travel by railway and river, as well as carriage drives through the country. Along the beach runs the Old Orchard Beach Railroad, connecting the Boston & Maine Railroad at Old Orchard Station with the Saco River steamer for Biddeford Pool (two miles down the bay), or the cities of Biddeford and Saco, four miles up the river. There is also an electric railway connecting Biddeford, Saco, and Old Orchard. They are also connected by the Boston



Bathing in front of Old Orchard House Pavilion, as seen from the Ocean.

& Maine Railroad. Thus there are opportunities for hourly excursions to any of these places. A charming trip, at trifling cost, is along the beach by the Beach Railroad, up the picturesque Saco by steamer to the city, thence through a fine farm and woodland country by the electric railroad back to Old Orchard, consuming but a few hours' time.

The carriage drives in the vicinity of Old Orchard are especially pleasing. Some are through dark forests with overhanging branches, others through a region of fair fields and flourishing farms. Along the highways grow the fragrant wild rose and sweet-brier, the bayberry and laurel. As summer declines, the golden rod and purple

asters appear, waving their brilliant plumes, prophetic of approaching autumn. One of these charming drives lead to the Cascade, a fine water-fall with a descent of more than fifty feet, surrounded by a scenery of a wild and striking character.

The *three and one-half days* spent at Old Orchard Beach will unquestionably be counted among the most delightful of the Tour. But all good things have an end, and the time for leaving Old Orchard, Friday morning, August 25th, comes all too soon.

Boarding the Boston & Maine train again we are off for Boston, arriving early in the afternoon; a few hours later the party leaves Boston for Fall River, Mass., to connect with our Fall River Line steamer for the return across Long Island Sound to New York, arriving in New York City early in the morning, Saturday, August 26th.

Doubtless all will desire to spend the day in New York City, so an afternoon train will be decided upon for the final run to Philadelphia, arriving at the Reading Terminal at an early hour Saturday evening, August 26th.

The official route for the party will be: Philadelphia & Reading R. R. to New York; Fall River Line to Boston; Boston & Maine R. R. through the White Mountains to Old Orchard Beach, and from Old Orchard to Boston; Fall River Line back to New York, and Philadelphia & Reading to Philadelphia.

IT WILL BE OBSERVED upon a careful reading of this Itinerary that only the best accommodations throughout have been provided. Regular rates at all the hotels selected are *high*, for they are the best to be had, so that ordinarily the Tour just outlined as the "White Mountain Tour" is very expensive. Notwithstanding all this, I am able to offer an exceptionally low figure for this Tour for a party of 50 people only. *The number is positively limited to 50 persons.*

RATE.—For the entire White Mountain Tour, as outlined, covering every necessary expense, except two meals on Fall River Line steamers (a la carte), from Philadelphia, August 14th, back to Philadelphia, August 26th, \$60.00

Rate named covers all railroad and steamer tickets, state-rooms on steamers, all hotel bills, all meals en route (with the exception of one each way on Fall River Line steamer, where meals are served a la carte), the ascent of Mount Washington—in short, every necessary expense for the entire Tour.

AN ADVANCE PAYMENT of five dollars (\$5.00) is required when registering, the balance (\$55.00) to be paid on or before August 9th, 1899, when all tickets and "Little Red Book" of coupons, covering entire Tour, will be ready for delivery.

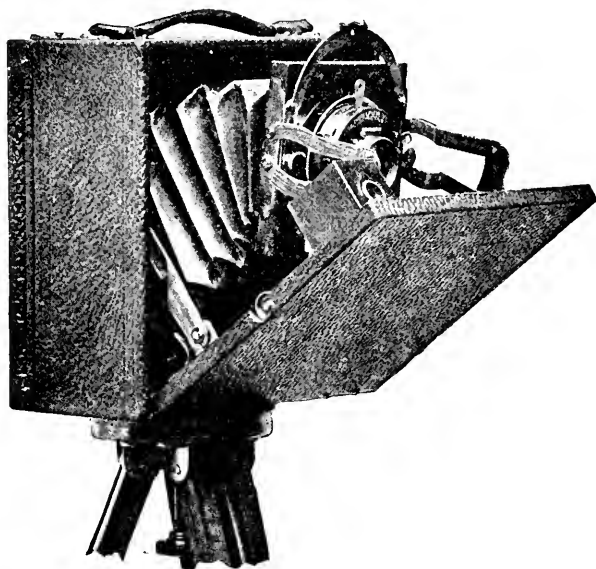
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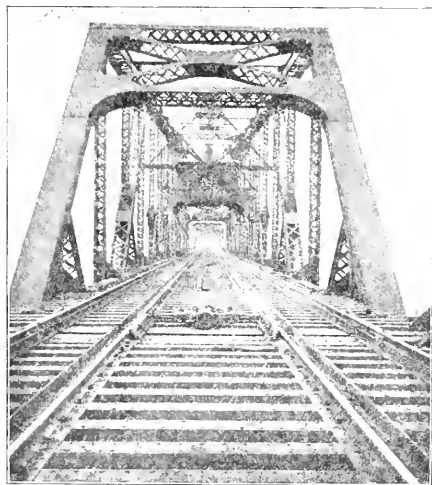
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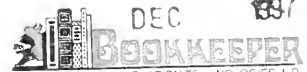
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